

Marine Corps Gazette

DECEMBER 1949

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THIS MONTH'S COVER: This month the GAZETTE selected an official photograph made during the recent joint amphibious training exercise in the Hawaiian Islands—Operation Miki. Designed to train the Army's Second Division and the Navy's First Task Fleet, Miki also provided good training for Army and Navy personnel based in the Islands, for they acted as the defending force. Marines were also there, of course, and we hope to have an article on Miki from one of them in the January GAZETTE.

THE MARINE CORPS GAZETTE

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THIS MONTH AND NEXT—A never-ending problem of all democratic military services is that of recruiting capable young men. As a nation's customs and philosophy change with the years so does the technique of inducing men to join the Marine Corps.

Since most marines can hardly remember the recruiting technique that enticed them to join the Corps, the Gazette will refresh memories in the January issue with a picture story of recruiting tactics from the Civil War to this date. As added spice the Gazette will show a Royal Marines recruiting poster used during the Revolutionary War. This poster was obtained by LtCol R. McC. Tompkins in England, and you will be surprised to find some of our current benefits offered young Englishmen who would help suppress the rebellion in America. And, of course, Walking John will make an encore appearance.

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Sequel to the I-I . . .

DEAR SIR:

Congratulations to the GAZETTE for publishing, and my snappiest salute to LtCol Ronald R. Van Stockum for exposing his valuable knowledge and ideas in the article, *The I-I Meets The CO Halfway*.

Perusal of said article should be a must for all Inspector-Instructors, and all officers destined to become same. Of course the route of "attack" to accomplish the Colonel's advocations will vary and differ in each Organized Reserve Unit, however, the crux of the Colonel's article is absolutely unadulterated.

Capt. Douglas J. Hance, USMCR, the CO of "C" Battery, 2nd 155mm HowBn, USMCR(O), took his Unit to Summer Camp 96% enlisted strength. Why? The I-I Meets The CO Halfway.

Thanks for listening and in closing, may I suggest LtCol Van Stockum give the GAZETTE readers a sequel to his article.

JAMES W. LUTHER, 1stLt, USMC

Re Panaceas . . .

DEAR SIR:

I have noted the multitude of letters in the GAZETTE offering, I believe, excellent comments on the improvement of discipline and the retention of old customs and tradition. However, I wonder how many of the contributing officers and noncommissioned officers are actually taking steps to conform with their stated views?

For instance, should a directive or regulation emanating from headquarters be necessary to insure that summary and general courts-martial be held in a strictly formal manner, with swords and full uniform required of all members? Cer-

Each month the GAZETTE pays five dollars for each letter printed. These pages are intended for comments and corrections on past articles and as a discussion center for pet theories, battle lessons, training expedients, and what have you. Correspondents are asked to keep their communications limited to 200 words or less. Signatures will be withheld if requested; however, the GAZETTE requires that the name and address of the sender accompany the letter as an evidence of good faith.

tainly any convening authority or even a senior member of a summary court can require a full uniform for all participants, no smoking, and in general, create a more stern and lasting impression on the accused, the spectators, and junior officers. At least we should ascribe to the law as much dignity as do the civil courts.

Attention to duty and honest-to-God interest in their professions on the part of officers up to and including field rank must take priority over cures for all the minor ills from which our Corps suffers.

> JOHN R. HANCOCK, 1stLt, USMC

Stacking Arms . . .

DEAR SIR:

Maj Leyton M. Rogers' article in the September, 1949 MARINE CORPS GAZETTE, Stacking Arms With the T/O Squad, states that no satisfactory uniform method of stacking arms of the current T/O squad has yet been adopted, and offers a suggested method.

While workable, Maj Rogers' method of stacking has a definite "bug" in it, in that it requires the BAR men to place the rifle of the man on their respective right on the stack with the left hand while securing the BAR with the right hand. This is a somewhat awkard maneuver and may wind up with the BAR swinging around the shoulder and off into the stack.

While serving as Platoon Leader of the First Platoon, Able Company, Seventh Marines, during 1947, I worked out a very satisfactory method of stacking the arms of my squad as follows:

The BAR men were positioned in the squads as numbers 4, 8, and 12. With the stackmen being numbers 2, 6, and 10, the rifles were then stacked as outlined in FM 22-5.

FRANK J. KOSSYTA, WO, USMC

Nothing Wrong . . .

DEAR SIR:

Everytime I pick up a copy of the MARINE CORPS GAZETTE I find an article entitled "What's Wrong With the Marine Corps?" Included are subjects ranging from what's wrong with the officers to what's wrong with the NCOs. I personally don't think there is anything wrong with the officers, NCOs or the type of marine we are getting—or the Marine Corps. As evidence in support, you have only to read the history of the six Marine Divisions in World War II.



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As everyone knows, the Marine Corps during the last war was composed entirely of men who were not career marines. These were citizens who came to arms, some willingly, some unwillingly, to meet the essential needs of national security. We have only one way to judge these men and that is by results. Some of these men were in the Corps as little as three months from the time they enlisted until the time they laid down their lives for their country. Almost without exception they all possessed what in my opinion is the most essential quality in a marine and that is his fighting spirit. As long as this spirit prevails in the Corps it will never need to be ashamed of its history.

You read a lot of criticism about Special Services. In the old Marine Corps—as it is called—there were more opportunities for a man to travel. Due to circumstances beyond the control of the Marine Corps this is no longer true and the Marine Corps has endeavored to provide other means by which a marine can keep himself occupied and out of trouble, such as hobby shops, etc.

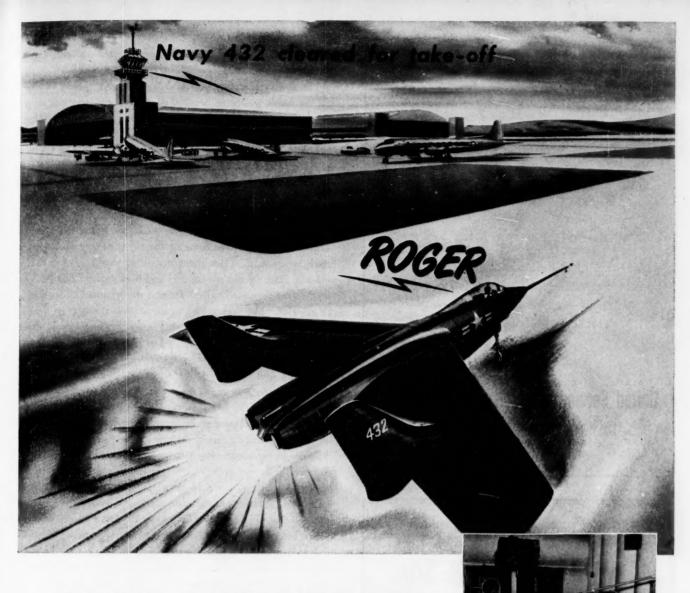
The war is over now and peacetime soldiering is dull. This is especially true if an officer or enlisted man must spend three or four years at a station not of his choice and perform duties that are not to their liking. The officers let up a little, then the NCOs and last but not least the men under the NCOs. This is not only true now but was also true in what was known as the old Marine Corps.

Men are still coming into the Corps from all walks of life. They have the same likes and dislikes as the men who joined the Corps years ago. They look the same when they report to the recruit depot, they look the same when their heads are shaved, and they look the same upon the completion of recruit training as the marines of 20 years ago. After they have been distributed among the various units of the Marine Corps there may be a little let down as far as discipline or appearance is concerned but not any more so than it was in the old Marine Corps. The Marine Corps today is five times the size of the Corps in 1930 and it may be a little more noticeable.

You find in all your articles on leadership the word punishment. I have yet to read an article on leadership which did not contain the word punishment or the phrase "failure of the senior officers to back up the NCOs. That in my opinion is the poorest type of leadership and it will not inspire discipline in an organization. No one respects a leader who has to use the threat of legal reprisals to get results. One of the best passages written on leadership is contained in Von Steuben's instructions for the commander of a company.

What is good in our armed forces today stems from Von Steuben's regulations and what is of value for the future is still there if the officers and NCOs will only remember that they have been entrusted with the care of a regiment, battalion, platoon, section or squad as the case may be.

Much criticism has been made about the jacket, service summer, and about utility clothing. A marine today in a nice clean khaki uniform looks just as neat and soldierly as did the old marine with his khaki blouse, and a platoon of marines in clean



The story behind "ROGER"

The noise in the cockpit of a jet fighter plane preparing to take off is deafening. It compares with a battery of air hammers on a steel hull, or the roar of water at the base of Niagara Falls.

Yet, through this tremendous noise, the pilot must hear and understand his take-off instructions before he can "roger." To accomplish this, new and better electronic equipment, both to transmit and to receive messages, was required.

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Persons selected at random, with normal hearing and vocal characteristics, were seated in the soundproof room, illustrated above, and fitted with experimental phones and microphones. Electronically generated noise, which synthesized a jet engine sound exactly, was amplified to a deafening roar—to the threshold of pain—and reproduced on the loudspeakers at the front of the room. Then over the earphones came words, words, words, and the test subjects wrote them down as they understood them.

Patiently, over a period of months, by constantly analyzing and changing, by improving microphones and earphones, and by developing special amplifiers, and by fitting them all together in a complementary manner, there finally evolved a complete system—microphones, earphones, and

special amplifiers—through which the pilot could understand and be understood—over the roar of his jet engine.

These same methods have developed acoustical systems for other high noise-level applications—the diesel-engine room of a submarine, the bridge of a battleship during main-battery firing, or AA gun positions at the height of an anti-aircraft attack.

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utility clothing still look like marines if they act and carry themselves as marines.

The classification system has been criticized, mostly by the old die hards who have become so set in their ways that it is either impossible or inconvenient for them to absorb something new.

The old NCO who spent most of his time either in China, going to China, or coming from China, had a much easier task than does the marine of today.

During the war sergeants major in some of the training battalions had as many as 3000 men on their rolls and were responsible for the administrative work connected with them. This would have driven some of the old time sergeants major stark raving mad. (Just some, not all of them).

I also read the old phrase over and over again, "The NCOs aren't what they used to be;" for this the Marine Corps should be grateful. Just take a look at the schools the Marine Corps is now sending men to and ask yourself how many old time marines would be able to qualify for these schools.

During the past two years I have spoken to approximately 1000 men who have been discharged and returned to civilian life. With few exceptions these men found no fault with the Marine Corps. The Marine Corps meant just as much to them as it did to the marine of 20 years ago. Approximately seven out of every ten expressed their willingness to fight with the Marines in the event of war by enlisting in the Marine Corps Reserve. The remainder, with few exceptions, stated that if they had to go they would rather be with the Marines than some other branch of the service. Don't underestimate this new Marine. He can be of just as much service to the Marine Corps in civilian life as he was while in the Corps.

I have discovered, and this should be no secret, that the men who do the most criticizing do the least amount of work. Every time a new directive is issued by headquarters it is easy to pick out the men who haven't read it by listening to the ones who criticize it and complain about the way it was done in the old Marine Corps.

Let's stop comparing the old Marine Corps with the new Marine Corps. Let's stop criticizing the officers, NCOs, the men, Special Services. The MARINE CORPS GAZETTE is a professional magazine for the United States Marines. Let's have articles by professional marines telling us what's right with the Marine Corps. If they are going to criticize, let's have some constructive criticism.

ALEXANDER WELTER, JR., MSgt, USMC

Marine Necktie . . .

DEAR SIR:

In the course of a recent visit to England, I had the honor to be presented with a Royal Marines necktie. As you perhaps know, it is a British custom that each service, let alone each famous old regiment, has a special design of necktie for civilian wear, which distinguishes the wearer as a member, reservist, or former member of the unit in question.



Quotations below are from the NEW official "Policy" of The Department of Defense with respect to the use of Commercial Transportation.

Air Travel is to be used when it can "provide more satisfactory service to meet the military requirements." Transportation Officers are directed to consider:

- 1. "Travel orders now normally authorize Travel by any common carrier."
- Official travel orders no longer require "special air authorization" to obtain a transportation request for Air Travel.
 - 2. The ability to meet "any deadlines . . . within which travel should be accomplished."
- Air Travel's greater speed, plus the frequency of daily flights, meets short deadlines more efficiently!
 - 3. "availability of service . . ."
- Air Travel provides immediate service to the 500 important cities in the U.S.A. in addition to principal military installations.

- 4. "Possibilities of savings in total per diem cost... in productive time... in meals and sleeping accommodations."
- Air Travel saves per diem cost—and saves extra charges for meals and sleeping accommodations! For example, a 1200 mile trip from Washington requires 31 travel hours by fastest surface transportation but only 6 hours by air!
 - 5. "the convenience and comfort of the traveler . . ."
- Air Travel eliminates travel-fatigue —reduces the need for tiresome layovers and change of carrier!
 - 6. "any contribution to the maintenance of . . . security . . ."
- Air Travel offers more protection by (1) shortest travel time, (2) most flights during daylight hours, (3) more direct service between terminals, (4) less necessity for change of carrier, (5) ease of communication with traveler intransit, and (6) less contact with mass crowd traffic!

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I think this a good custom, and one which we Marines might well adopt. Furthermore, I believe that a U. S. Marine Corps tie would find wide acceptance among our own civilian alumni and reservists—all of whom already seem quite proud to wear their Honorable Discharge lapel emblems (in contradistinction to the all-Services, unified, uniform "ruptured duck" device). A Marine tie would simply be another means of proclaiming our distinctive identity and our determination that this identity will never be submerged.

Getting down to concrete matters, I suggest—and I would be glad to hear others ideas on the subject—that we adopt a basic color of dark green, with a fine scarlet and gold stripe, thus embodying our two official colors against a background which has almost come to amount to a third unofficial color. It seems to me that the appropriate agency in Marine Corps Headquarters, perhaps the Division of Public Information, might well take the necessary steps to explore this matter with one of the large haberdasher-manufacturers, in order that a standard design could be assured of national distribution and availability to all hands.

R. D. HEINL, JR., LtCol, USMC

Bomber Pilots . . .

DEAR SIR:

A Job For Dive and Torpedo Bomber Pilots, in the September issue of the GAZETTE brings out the question of why can't we bomber pilots be of value to the Marine Corps too.

The man who could learn to fly close-support in the old slow and clumsy planes, could if given the chance, learn to handle the fighter bomber.

In SBDs at Cecil Field, Fla., we were required to get a 25-foot average out of ten drops and were disqualified if we pulled out at less than 1000 feet. How accurate can a fighter bomber average? We were also taught that an around-the-clock attack using the high speed approach where the direction, altitude, speed, and angle of dive were changing most of the way down, ending up in a nearly vertical dive to point of bomb release, was the most accurate and least vulnerable attack to fly. We were told that AA would find us hard to hit. Has this attack been dropped for the low angle fighter attack?

Flying fighters may be a young man's game, but close-support is a game where the experience and correct decision would be of more importance than a second or two of reflex action.

ELTON A. BARNUM, 1stLt, USMCR

For PLC . . .

DEAR SIR:

In recent issues of the GAZETTE I've read and reread, with interest, all the articles and letters pertaining to the advantages and disadvantages of the Platoon Leaders Class. From what I can see the big gripe is, what can they learn in 12 weeks? For that matter how much can anybody, who knows nothing about military life, learn in two six-weeks periods? I would say quite a bit, if said person puts his mind to it. I went



through the PLC course in the summers of '47 and '48 and I found I retained quite a bit of the knowledge we were taught. I think that a man while in college, and a member of the program, should join an active reserve unit in order to keep himself sharp on all the recent changes. In some respects this membership, I believe, should be compulsory, except in cases where it is an absolute impossibility, for example, if there isn't any active unit within a decent distance. I would also like to compliment 1stLt Cecil P. Lewis on his excellent article in the October issue; it gave very good and very sensible solutions about recruiting prospective PLCs.

GEORGE F. COUGHLIN, Sgt, USMCR

The Old Corps . . .

DEAR SIR:

I heartily agree with Sgt Harper on his letter in the September issue of the GAZETTE. This is a changing Corps! Some of the traditions of the "Old Corps" should be observed but for the most part they are useless in the present day Corps.

You can hear from all sides the old timers yelling "Things were never like this in the Old Corps." Was there ever such a thing as the "Old Corps?" Some of the older men in the Marine Corps seem to forget they were younger when the "old Corps" they seem to have gloried in was in effect. At

the time there were undoubtedly people saying the same thing about the Marine Corps a few years prior to that date. Times change and so must customs!

This is supposed to be a streamlined Corps and not a place where any NCO or officer can take advantage of his position or rate to brow beat men in his command. An officer or NCO is supposed to guide and lead men and not brow beat them into a cowed stated of mind.

Another comment I wish to make is on MSgt Gidley's letter about the present system of issuing rifles. Did Sgt Gidley take into consideration the present T/Os of the Marine Corps and the condition of the weapons when they are initially issued?

ROBERT E. DENNY, Sgt, USMC

Uniforms . . .

DEAR SIR:

I have stood by and read everybody's beefs about liberty uniforms of the present day Marines. I, like so many others, have my pet beef about the wearing of battle jackets. If these jackets were made for battle then let's keep them for that purpose and return to the old abandoned blouse for liberty. I think a khaki blouse would just about solve the problem for neatness and appearance on liberty. As for the greens, we

continued on page 56

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The Invisible Asset

"To deal with the imponderable is rather a matter of faith than of argument."

Letters of T. E. Lawrence.
(Lawrence of Arabia)

WHAT EXPERIENCED COMMANDING OFFICER, CHECKing over his resources on the eve of battle, would fail to take into calculation that great imponderable, that most potent of "invisible assets"—the *esprit de corps* by which his men are bound together and inspired to action in a common cause?

Esprit de corps!—At all times military historians have written and lectured about it and laid repeated emphasis on its supreme importance; in all ages the great captains have been at pains to enlarge upon its virtues. Statesmen have paid it glowing tribute; poets have hymned it; and the ordinary plain man of the rank and file has died for it in his tens of thousands. Withal, it is virtually beyond definition, while remaining an intangibility the veriest numbwit can apprehend and a reality at which even the superior learn not to scoff too openly.

Pictured above is The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava—1854 by William Simpson. Epitomised by Tennyson, this charge is synonymous with esprit. Reproduced by courtesy of Armored Cavalry Journal. Where did it all originate; and how is it that it has come to assume so vital a significance in the fighting man's psychological equipment?

The answer may be found, perhaps, in the Napoleonic dictum that "in war the moral is to the physical as three to one." Or, as Falstaff put it, "Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, the big assemblage of a man?—Give me the spirit."

The common denominator of all conflict is human nature; and it is the particular achievement of esprit de corps that, on the great testing ground of the battlefield, it energises fallible human nature to greater endeavour than it could hope to attain without its electrifying stimulus. Esprit de corps acts, in effect, as a spiritual benzedrine tablet, steeling the fighting-man's moral fibre against what Clausewitz described as "the weakening impressions of the moment," when "the natural timidity of human beings, which sees only one side of everything, falters under the effect of visual impressions gained during actual combat." If it is discipline which holds the soldier steady in the face of threatened annihilation, then

". . . Far too often the fact is lost sight of that war is fought with weapons but won by men. And man remains human and the fighting man more than most—perhaps by very reason of the imbecile inhumanity of his work. . ."

it is esprit de corps that rallies him and sends him forward, shoulder to shoulder with his fellows, to snatch victory from the moment of precarious balance.

ONE THING whose recognition cannot be avoided is that esprit de corps can rarely be improvised, can seldom be generated in a hurry. It is true that Napoleon managed, on one occasion, to fan it into sudden flame by one of those carefully-contrived, melodramatic coups-de-théâtre nicely calculated to appeal to that thirst for la gloire so characteristic of the French. At Toulon the future Emperor was assured that the artillery position he had constructed in a particularly exposed position would never be manned by the very raw troops available. The little Corsican promptly put up a placard, "The battery of men without fear," and thereafter the gun position was always serviced at full strength. For the most part, however, the growth of a vigorous, reliable esprit de corps is slow; and, like any other ardent spirit, the longer it is given to mature, the better will be its quality. Furthermore, it has the trick-a peculiarly obstinate trick, amounting in some eyes almost to a defect-of achieving its sturdiest strength amongst small communities; localism, indeed, has been found to be its most successful fertilizer.

This abiding characteristic, it may well be thought, can be attributed to the circumstances which gave birth to that embryonic spirit of pride in the prowess of a minescule community, which was ultimately to burgeon into full-fledged *esprit de corps*.

Primordial man, it may reasonably be surmised, with a prowling dinosaur haunting the riverbanks where he fished, or with a band of alien raiders pillaging his huntgrounds, was prompt to call the services of his more immediate neighbors to his aid; and in so doing he made his primitive oblation to the principle that unity is strength. Banded together in a tribal group the better to ensure that their combined strength remained concentrated and ever-available, in due course the legend of the community's prowess, passing down the successive generations-gathering on the way more than a little colour and embroidery, as legends will-ultimately attained to the proportions of the heroic. A mystique was born, the distillation of a conscientiously superior discipline, an enviable fighting record, and a sense of pride in the tradition to which each lustrum had contributed in its turn, and in which each and every man had been annealed. It was an inheritance which came to be fortified and upheld by a determination that the present should never fall below the level of, and in so doing betray, the past.

As communities amplified into nations and the scope of armed conflict increased, so the part played by tradition, sublimated in the form of esprit de corps, increased enormously in importance. For as Jomini has pointed out, "war is a great drama, in which a thousand physical and moral causes operate powerfully; and none more so than esprit de corps." For esprit de corps is a clarion call from the past, whose supreme part it is to safeguard the future by demanding the impossible of the present—and by its own inspiration turn the inconceivable into the commonplace of achievement.

Yet for all the wider calls on fortitude which occasioned and at the same time nourished it, in essence it remained fundamentally parochial.

In conserving this quality of parochialism the peculiar conditions of mediaeval military service played no inconsiderable part. In time of war small bodies of men from different parts of the land mustered for the King's service at the heels of their respective overlords; and inevitably in such circumstances loyalties were localised, and, more often than not, inclined to be assertive. The men-at-arms whose sleeves bore the badge of the Bear and Ragged Staff of the Nevilles, Earls of Warwick, for example, would be very inclined to estimate their own prowess and professional skill as on a distinctly higher plane than that of the equally stalwart wearers of the Bird and Bantling of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby. Shakespeare epitomised the essential quality of, and the tension brought about by, this atmosphere of inimical self-esteem when he made a minion of the House of Montague challengingly demand, "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" and a hireling of the rival house of Capulet as defiantly retort, "No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir!" (For that matter, even in these days the inflammable osmosis with which the supporters of two rival football teams are so dangerously charged could be precipitated into open brawling with the greatest ease in the world!)

Lacking the direction and controlled impetus given it by discipline, so intensely localised a volume of *esprit de* corps can prove a menace rather than an aid to military

CONCERNING THE AUTHOR

Maj Reginald Hargreaves, educated for a military career, was in on the beginning of things in World War I. In 1915 he was with the expeditionary force sent to the Gallipoli Peninsula. The following year found him involved in the Somme battle and in November of that year he was given the "Immediate Award" of the Military Cross; subsequently he achieved a mention in despatches.

The month of May, 1917, saw him severely wounded and it was almost a year before he returned to active duty. During World War I, Maj Hargreaves served in the infantry, the cavalry, and as a general staff officer.

Because of 50 per cent disability, he left the service after the war and spent the inter-war years studying history, especially military history. The war years from 1939 to 1945 found him back in uniform again, in what he describes as "a somewhat elderly and limping paraphrases of soldiering." A well-known writer, Maj Hargreaves' most recent book is "The Enemy at The Gate." This article is his third for the GAZETTE.

enterprise. When, for example, Charles 1st raised his standard at Nottingham in the August of 1642, loyal gentlemen flocked to his support in scores; an armed following, of varying dimensions, invariably accompanying them. But to integrate these little companies of 10, 20, or 30 men into a corporate regiment soon proved beyond the wit of any man. And it was not so much the stiff-necked pride of the leaders, refusing subordination to the direction of one of their number, that furnished the stumbling block. Rather was it the intense parochialism characterising the esprit de corps of their respective trains which put a premium on perpetual internecine bickering, and rendered the formation of a cohesive fighting force well nigh impossible.

Washington suffered from something of the same thing in the early days of the Revolutionary Army. To begin with, in a newly-improvised "people's army," sprung from the ground as the Spartans leaped into existence from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, there was no corporate tradition of service in which to seek common inspiration. Thereafter, the battle-experienced backwoodsmen recruited from Virginia's ever-turbulent border arrived on the scene possessed of an esprit de région which held in scant esteem the dour, contumaceous legions from the New England States, despite the presence in the latter's rank of a liberal infusion of salted veterans of the French-Indian wars.

With a ninety-day militia component and other relatively ephemeral elements, esprit de corps was difficult

to foster and slow of growth, as was only to be expected. But once the spirit had been kindled it burnt with a vigorous and rarely unsteady flame. No troops that ever took the field could have been animated by a finer corporate spirit than those who bore the heat and burden of Nathaniel Greene's gruelling campaign in the Carolinas. And, vielding nothing to their comrades in the justifiable pride they had in their achievements, Dan'l Morgan's riflemen -to name no more-stamped their name on the story of their country's liberation in letters of pure gold. That great-hearted martinet of the drill ground, Friedrich von Steuben, had "bestowed upon the ragged troops the greatest gift they could have received-the gift of discipline;"1 and bitted and bridled with discipline, esprit de corps is a powerful and mettlesome steed whose worth no man can possibly overestimate.

F GIVEN a regular army of some standing, the legend of whose fighting record has been carefully chronicled and painstakingly retailed, and regimental esprit de corps is in no way difficult to engender. All you have to do is to put regional self-esteem into uniform; a garb which suits it admirably and in which it gains immeasurably in stability. Add a few fancy touches, as concessions to ordinary human vanity, in the way of minor deviations from or embellishments of the standard uniform-the gold-edged "Gibraltar" brassard of the 73rd Hanoverian Fusiliers; the silk-cord fourragère bestowed upon certain particularly distinguished French Infantry Regiments of the Line;3 the "flash" of broad, black silk ribbon sported by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers4-and the thing is done. Moreover, it is amazing with what tenacious firmness the thing takes hold; how tremendous is the spell it comes to cast over the ordinary man's imagination.

When, for example, the Royal Navy protested against the Royal Norfolk Regiment's persistent use of the sailors' own tune of *Rule Britannia*, the "footsloggers" pointed with indignant pride at the heroic exploits of their predecessors on the Spanish battlefield of Alamanza in 1707; a feat of arms which brought them the award of the Britannia badge and the right to play the melody which went with it most appropriately. And no power on earth could persuade them to relinquish their cherished privilege.

Again, the traditions of the five Highland Regiments are indissolubly bound up with the Highlanders' age-old right to bear arms and wear the kilt. Penalised, as a race, by the withdrawal of this prerogative in consequence

¹Vide Maj W. A. Ganoe's "History of the United States Army." ²Commemorating their part, as members of the Hanoverian Brigade, in the defence of Gibraltar between 1779 and 1783.

³Awarded to the Regiment for exceptional collective gallantry in action.

⁴Worn in commemoration of the fact that they were the last regiment to abandon the pigtail; the "flash" symbolizing the pad worn on the back of the collar to prevent it getting greasy.



Initially, Hitler could depend on excellent esprit. His Luftwaffe and Wehrmacht were masters in the air and on the ground. Esprit suffered with successive defeats, hence the glum expressions pictured above.

of their participation in the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745, with the formation of the Black Watch, out of certain "Independent Companies" recruited in 1739, the resumption of the kilt as an integral part of the uniform was a leading feature of the terms under which the Highlanders agreed to enter the English service. With sorelywounded amour propre restored to full vigour, it was not slow to father an esprit de corps to which the bloody slopes of Ticonderoga, and many another stricken field, paid the most eloquent of witness. When, subsequently, in an ill-advised outbreak of Victorian prudery, an attempt was made to rob the Highland warrior of his traditional fighting garb and force him into trousers, the indignant cries of protest which greeted the suggestion were quick to point out that "such a step would prove a complete death-warrant to the recruiting service," and "a blow from which regimental esprit de corps would be unlikely to recover."6 Thereafter, with somewhat belated wisdom, the proposal was allowed to drop. Regimental esprit de corps, in which the kilt was enshrined as a symbol of long-cherished independence, had won a victory which subsequent authorities at the War Office lacked the temerity to challenge.

corps of quite a different calibre. Minden, fought on August 1st, 1759, will ever be remembered for what has justly been described as "one of the most astounding feats of infantry in the whole history of warfare." With their headgear gaily decorated with the blossoms they had plucked from a rose garden in their path, six understrength battalions of British Foot, supported by three of Hanoverians, with the normal complement of two battalion-guns apiece, strode stolidly forward over a windswept heath in the face of the cross-fire of over 60 cannon. Ahead of them were three lines of horse; on their right flank a numerically superior force of infantry was backed by an ample artillery. All the way along, the rifled barrels of the Gallic muskets gave them the advantage which goes with greater range; French cannoneers never served their pieces with greater assiduity; the Gensdarmes and steel-jacketed Carabineers had rarely plied their swords more tirelessly. But it was all in vain. With fast-dwindling ranks, but with fifes squealing and drums throbbing out their sullen challenge, the scarlet files pressed on; pausing only to rend the swirling horde of their opponents with a blast of volley fire. And before the invincible resolution of their onslaught the enemy ranks crumpled and fell away in a turmoil of confusion.

The Seven Years' War evoked an example of esprit de

⁵Non-military inhabitants of the Highlands were not given permission to reassume their native dress until 1782.

⁶Vide a letter to the War Office from Col Alan Cameron.

⁷Four brigades of Infantry, with 32 guns.



Iwo: In this savage Pacific battle esprit de corps soared as high as Suribachi in achieving victory.

Surveying the rout of this stricken, fleeing army, the French Commander, Contades, was heard ruefully to exclaim, "I never thought to see a single line of Infantry break through three lines of Cavalry and all I had put in their support, and tumble them into ruin."

But the price of victory had been exceptionally costly. Of the 4,434 officers and men of the two Allied brigades engaged no less than 2,600 had fallen.8 Of them all, the British regiments on the right of the line had been the greatest sufferers; the 12th and 20th of Foot being left with less than two-thirds of their effective strength. Indeed, scanning the casualty list of the 20th, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in command of the British and Allied forces, gave orders that when it came to allocating troops for the includible guards and patrols, the men of Kingsley's gallant north-country battalion should be excused all duty.

It was, however, an order which, however considerate its intention, the 20th found it impossible to reconcile with the proud *esprit de corps* in which they gloried. Gratefully acknowledging the implied tribute that Ferdinand had paid them, they respectfully petitioned for leave to take their place on the duty roster on precisely the same footing as the battalions less severely punished than them-

selves. It was a plea that no commander worth his salt could find it possible to refuse; and that night Kingsley's took its turn in the outpost line alongside the rest.

F IT WOULD be affectation to deny that an entirely justifiable self-esteem forms an important ingredient in that mysterious complex of pride-in-tradition and emotionof-the-moment which goes by the name of esprit de corps. This was particularly—but constructively—manifest in certain circumstances attendant on Lord Wolseley's attempt to relieve the beleaguered Gen Gordon in Khartoum, in 1884-5. With exceptional difficulties of terrain to contend with, the British Commander determined to form a corps d'élite of camelry, as being the most appropriate type of mounted troops to cope with the sands of the desert he had to traverse. It was his intention to call for volunteers from the Household Cavalry and Dragoon and Dragoon Guard regiments to form his "Heavy" camelry; relying on lancers and hussars, supplemented by aspirants from the infantry, to furnish him with his "Light" camelry. It is, perhaps, hardly surprising that so extravagantly unorthodox a suggestion at first received a remarkably chilly reception at the War Office; the Marquess of Hartington, Secretary of State for War, writing on behalf of the Commander-in-Chief, the somewhat "Crimea-minded" Duke of Cambridge:

"H.R.H. does not like the composition of your Camel Corps, which he considers destructive of the *esprit de corps* of the regiments which are to furnish detachments..."

Wolseley was not without support in the Cabinet, however; and volunteers being eager and in goodly numbers, the organisation of the new formation went forward so expeditiously as to warrant little doubt of the Camelry's ability to ingerminate a healthy and energetic *esprit de corps* of its own.

But in the general hustle and bustle of preparation one small but highly significant point had been overlookedthe existence of a modest contingent of marines and seamen, detached from the Mediterranean Fleet to work the expedition's dahabiyas and flat-boats on the Nile. To them no call for volunteers for the Camelry had been circulated; and indignation at what was considered as a deliberate affront to esprit de corps waxed positively feverish-more especially with the marines. Was not their proud motto Per mare, per terram? And if the sands of the desert resembled "terram" about as closely as "the ship of the desert" approximated to the craft to which they were normally accustomed-well, what of it? They were the acknowledged handymen of the Services; and if some unusual military enterprise was going forward, unquestionably they should be in its forefront, not relegated to invidious and ignominious neglect.

Fortunately, such barbed hints as the marine contingent gave voice to were not lost on Lord Wolseley's staff;

⁸French losses were conservatively put at 8,000, together with virtually all the baggage, 17 Standards and Colours, and 43 guns out of a total of 162.

 $^{^{9}\}mbox{The 20th subsequently became known to fame as the Lancashire Fusiliers.}$

and the outcome was a belated amplification of the camelry's ranks by a swarm of "tar-breeches" and "jollies," who certainly yielded nothing in zest and application to those who had got in ahead of them. Furthermore, their prowess when the time came to face up to dervish and fuzzy-wuzzy reflected nothing but the highest credit on the respective services from which they had been drawn. Finally, no evidence whatsoever emerged to suggest that the esprit de corps in which they had been reared had suffered the very slightest deterioration owing to their temporary attachment to the camelry. On the contrary, it seemed to shine forth with an even greater lustre.

The power of esprit de corps to impose its influence on and fuel the inspiration of troops enlisted on a purely war-time engagement is a phenomenon which the two campaigns against Germany have rendered encouragingly familiar.

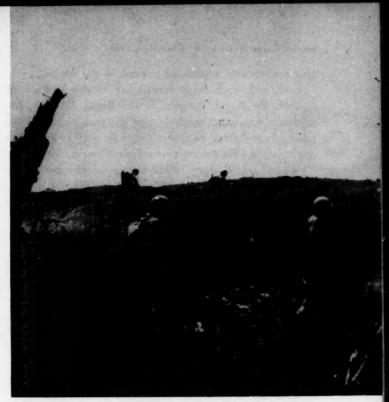
No more striking example of this "war-emergencyonly" esprit de corps could very well be cited than that which relates to a contingent of some 80 men of a North-British Fusilier regiment, posted as reinforcements to the Eighth Army in the days of Wavell's command in the Western Desert. Primed with all the lore of the very distinguished formation in which they had specifically sought enlistment, it was with a sense of considerable satisfaction that they learned that their fate was to serve as "replacements" for their own 1st (Regular) Battalion. Arrived in the combat zone, however, their indignation swiftly mounted to boiling point on learning that, instead of being posted to the 1st --shire Fusiliers, they were to be drafted en bloc to the 6th -Infantry. Salt was rubbed into the wound by the discovery that, as the flank formation of a neighboring division, the 1st Battalion of their very own regiment lay cheek to jowl with them, with no more than a narrow wadi separating the longed-for fold from the sheep who had been so ruthlessly diverted from it.

Confabulation between the exiled Fusiliers soon bordered on the mutinous, until at last a scheme was hit upon which promised to cut the Gordian knot with unequivocal finality.

With next morning's reveille the astounded company officers of the 6th ——shire Light Infantry discovered that the draft of 80 men they had sought so diligently to absorb into their ranks had disappeared in toto.

Telephones buzzed; the wireless crackled and chattered; military police scoured the countryside in all directions, intent on rounding up the fugitives in detail.

But those 80 Fusiliers had not made off for the rear. Neither could the most dialectical exponent of military law accuse them of being AWOL. All they had done was to collect every last bit of equipment belonging to them and "desert" in a body to their parent formation just across the wadi!



Okinawa: This gruelling campaign, which drove men to exhaustion, demanded always a high esprit de corps.

ONE OF THE conclusions arrived at by the Roebuck Committee, sitting in judgment on the defects in the British Army's organisation, training methods, and fighting quality, disclosed by the experiences of the Crimean War, was to the effect that the country "did not so much possess an Army as a collection of regiments." That there were those who promptly attributed this state of affairs to the cultivation of a far too localised and circumscribed esprit de corps, almost goes without saying. For all that, such a criticism entirely ignored or overlooked the fact that with the peace-time distribution of the troops being what it was, the fostering of anything larger than a purely regimental esprit de corps was a virtual impossibility. As is the case with most armies, 10 save in one or two of the larger military centres troops were seldom cantoned in anything more than brigade or, far more often, battalion strength. In many instances-particularly with the Irish garrison-even the battalion was denuded of one or more of its companies, sent on detachment to some outlying post, where all physical contact with the parent unit was denied it for months on end. In such circumstances, to expect an expansion of the regimental esprit de corps to the point where pride could be taken in the fact that one formed part of this or that division or brigade was to demand the virtually impossible. Moreover, all attempts to widen the scope of the appeal to soldierly pride and sentiment inevitably foundered on the rock of one of nature's few unchanging characteristics-man's inalien-

¹⁰The Germany of the Second and Third Reich was an outstanding exception.

able tendency to regard the nearest as the dearest.

Even with such large formations as the Brigade of Guards, the Royal Marines, or the Royal Artillery, the tendency was—and remains—for the man to attach far greater significance to the fact that he was (as the case might be) a Coldstreamer or a Grenadier; a "Chats" or "West-ho" or "Pompey"-division man; a member of the "Chesnut," "Sphinx" or "Néry" battery; the part, despite Euclid's dictum to the contrary, being regarded as greater than the whole.

It is only with that concentration of large forces brought about by war-time conditions that a brigade, divisional, or even army esprit de corps has a chance to germinate and mature. Patton's Third Army, Montgomery's Eighth—the team-spirit and tradition they so swiftly engendered, the touch of glamour with which their respective commanders became invested, endowed the men who served in them with a particular and exclusive sense of pride and satisfaction. In the same way certain subordinate formations, such as the Rainbow Division, the British 51st (Highland) Division, the U. S. 82nd and 101st Airborne, the British 10th and the U. S. 9th and 10th Armored Divisions, achieved a réclame in which those who served in them took a very high and especial pride.

But even if all other things were equal, real esprit de corps would, fundamentally, remain a characteristic of the battalion or, at most, the regiment. For although the qualitative content of a battalion's invisible asset of spirituality may undergo fluctuation, at least its continuity is immune from interruption. A formation such as the brigade or division, on the other hand, suffers from perpetual disruption and reconstitution, as units come and go in and out of its command; a condition of things scarcely susceptible to remedy.

DESPITE this want of stability in their make-up suffered by the higher formations, however, an experiment is in process of development within the British Army whereby the recruit, on enlistment, becomes, not a member of the infantry unit of his choice, but of what is known as a "group." Such a "group" will be composed of-say, for example, one battalion each of the Royal Warwickshires, Royal Lincolnshires, Royal Leicestershires and the Sherwood Foresters. On joining-up, the neophyte will be posted to the "group's" basic training unit, which may very easily not be a battalion of the regiment of his choice. Assuming the badges and shoulder titles of this (to him unheard-of) basic training unit, the recruit will subsequently exchange them for those worn by whichever active battalion he may reach, within the "group," on posting. Later, he may have to join a third battalion within the "group"-with a corresponding change-over of badges and titles-and even so he may never clew up with the specific regiment of his

choice. But throughout the whole of his service with the "group" he will have sported the group "flash," or sign, on the upper arm of his service blouse; this insignia constituting the only "constant" throughout the whole period of his time with the colours.

The intention, of course, is perfectly clear—in the words of the official pronunciamento, "the authorities hope to build up a brigade esprit de corps in place of the regimental esprit de corps which the brigade-group system has necessarily weakened."

It must be confessed that it is difficult to regard the experiment with anything but dubiety; as it is impossible to repress the belief that in grasping at the shadow of an amplified brigade-group fealty, the substance of the more restricted but very vital regimental *esprit de corps* will be incontinently cast away.

Regimental esprit de corps was always very much a spiritual imperium in imperio: so long as its own small, intimate integrity was not impaired, it contained within itself the genes of a greater loyalty, capable of almost infinite expansion. But it is questionable if the process functions at all well in reverse: it is always infinitely sounder to work forward from the particular to the general than to back-pedal from the general to the particular.

The natural basis of esprit de corps is the regimental unit of the man's own choice; pride in the brigade and the division is its extension; and the good regimental soldier—the backbone of any armed force—will think first of his battalion and only second of the higher formations in which, for a time, it serves. In the same way, the exile will think rather of his home than of the town in which it happens to have been built.

It is, perhaps, the great and ever-increasing wave of mechanisation, characteristic of the last quarter of a century, which has encouraged the powers-that-be, in many lands, in their endeavour to turn the raw material which passes through their hands into dehumanised military robots, operating a prodigal number of the products of a slaughter-be-mused technology. But although the fighting-man has the right to the most effective weapons that can be put into his hands, unless the élan with which he employs them is of the very highest, they will prove of no avail: the finest weapon in the world is useless if pusillanimity has cast it away in a ditch. Far too often the fact is lost sight of that war is fought with weapons but won by men. And man remains human, and the fighting-man more than most-perhaps by very reason of the imbecile inhumanity of much of the work he is called upon to do.

If esprit de corps be of any help to him in the mindshattering, soul-searing, heart-stopping tasks that are expected of him, then the least we can do is to give it to him, and give it to him in the way he likes it best.



Summary of the Marine Corps Position

Gen C. B. Cates, USMC

For the benefit of its readers the GAZETTE herewith offers in brief form highlights from the testimonies of Generals C. B. Cates and A. A. Vandegrift, Adm Louis E. Denfeld, and BrigGen Vernon A. Megee before the House Armed Services Committee.

ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF TESTIMONY OF GENERAL CLIFTON B. CATES, COMMANDANT U. S. MARINE CORPS, BEFORE THE HOUSE ARMED SERVICES COMMITTEE, 17 OCTOBER 1949

- 1. The combat morale of the Marine Corps is at par. It has not been adversely affected by the effects of unification. There is however widespread indignation at the lack of consideration which has been shown the Marine Corps and the incessant attempts to destroy its combat strength.
- 2. The Marine Corps believes that the Army General Staff is actively pursuing the three original objectives which it advanced in 1946 as the price of survival of the Marine Corps:

First: That the Marine Corps be reduced in size and effectiveness.

Second: That the Marine Corps be excluded from amphibious operations.

Third: That the Marine Corps be denied the right to mobilize its strength in time of war.

3. The Marine Corps believes this is being done by:

First: Systematic exclusion of the Marine Corps from participation in the affairs of national defense.

Second: Using the power of the budget not to save money but to destroy specific combat organizations of the Marine Corps.

Third: Influencing the power of strategic direction to deny the Marine Corps a place on the war time team.

Fourth: Constantly seeking to circumvent that part of the unification law which safeguards the Marine Corps.

- 4. This Army General Staff activity to defeat important provisions of the unification law is essentially a challenge to the legislative power. Congress must decide.
- 5. The Marine Corps asks nothing for itself except the right to fight again in the wars of the United States.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE CORPS

- The Armed Services Committees continue to pursue a course of active participation in the implementation of the National Security Act of 1947.
- Require the Department of Defense to obtain prior approval of administrative action designed to withhold funds appropriated by the Congress.
- Limit the scope of activities of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to those of the planning and advisory nature contemplated by Section 7 of the National Security Act Amendments.
- 4. Provide that the Commandant of the Marine Corps shall have a voice in all discussions, plans and reports of the Joint Chiefs of Staff pertaining to amphibious warfare and other matters relating to the Marine Corps.
- Provide the Marine Corps adequate and appropriate representation in key positions within the Department of Defense.
- 6. Provide definite assurance that the Fleet Marine Force will be maintained at a peace time strength of two fully equipped Marine Aircraft Wings, including twelve tactical squadrons each, together with the necessary service elements.

Excerpts from the statement of General A. A. Vandegrift, United States Marine Corps (Retired):

"... The real and enduring success of the American military system rests on the fundamental of civil control of the military function. The great weakness of any military system is that it cannot reform itself. Reform must come from without and only in a democracy is found a civil authority of sufficient force to regularly impose its will on the military to reform it, to reorganize it and to retain it as the servant of the people.

". . . The Congress has countless times performed this role and it has seldom, if ever, been in error. On the contrary the American Congress can point with pride to the times when its judgment was vindicated even when in opposition to an important segment of professional opinion. In fairly recent years for example Congress acted against the strongest opposition of those in high military positions in forcing the Army to substitute the motor vehicle for the horse, to equip its troops with modern



Gen A. A. Vandegrift, USMC (Ret.)

high speed tanks and to lay out the foundation for a modern air force. It also made available to the Marine Corps the funds necessary for the development of amphibious operations at a time when the entire military world doubted their feasibility. In taking these historic steps the Congress acted on its own best judgment and sometimes against the bitter opposition of those who professed to have expert knowledge. On all these occasions the wisdom of Congress was to be of vast influence on the war to come. On these occasions, as it is doing in this inquiry today, Congress was judging not technology but men and the soundness of their ideas. It was providing that ultimate forum which our military system requires since Americans, whether in or out of uniform, cannot accept the complete suppression of an authoritarian rule.

Excerpts from the statement of Adm Louis E. Denfeld:

"... It is not so much the reduction in Congressional appropriations that worries us. We realize the necessity for true economy. The national security is only as strong as our domestic economy. Our concern is with arbitrary reductions that impair, or even eliminate, essential naval functions. It is not so much a question of too little appropriated money, but how we are allowed to invest that money.

". . . The technical term 'Command of the Seas' is used

repeatedly to describe the Navy's function. Translated into laymen's language this situation is expressed as 'Why do we need a strong Navy when any potential enemy has no navy to fight?' I read this in the press, but, what is more disturbing, I hear it repeatedly in the councils of the Department of Defense. As a result, there is a steady campaign to relegate the Navy to a convoy and antisubmarine service, on the grounds that any probable enemy possesses only negligible strength.

". . . For more than 130 years our nation has not been invaded. When war has been forced upon us, we have been able to carry the fight to the enemy-to defeat him on his own soil. If we are to preserve this ability we must be able to project our total armed strength when and where it is needed. So long as the seas are the highways on which men and material in quantity must be moved the primary instrument for that task is the Navy. "... After the possibility of naval action has been eliminated and the enemy's fleet reduced, the need for a powerful fleet is in no wise lessened. I repeat that the Navy's ultimate function in war is to exert the steady, unrelenting pressure of our nation's military might against the homeland of an enemy. Such was the pressure in the battle for Okinawa where the largest fleet of warships in history was essential to victory, long after the Japanese fleet had been largely annihilated.

"... Another unique development of modern combat is the advance in the art of amphibious warfare. Amphibious warfare in the armed services of the U. S. was fostered and developed by the Marine Corps and the Navy in the period following World War I. It was tested and perfected on every beach-head of World War II. It is purely a naval development, born of the need for utilizing sea power in all its phases to project the Army, the Air Force, and the Marines across the sea to place them ashore in enemy territory.

". . . A properly balanced fleet must have as a major component a Fleet Marine Force of combined arms including its close-support tactical aviation.

"... The need for a Fleet Marine Force has been recognized by the Congress. The National Security Act of 1947 assigns the Marine Corps the primary task of providing such a force.

"... The question has been raised earlier in these hearings whether efforts are being made to divest the Marine Corps of its functions in amphibious warfare.

"... While it is true that a proposal of this nature has been initiated I am sure this Committee realizes that these combatant functions of the Marine Corps cannot be substantially transferred, reassigned, abolished, or consolidated without the approval of this Committee in accordance with the terms of the National Security Act as amended."

Excerpts from the statement of BrigGen Vernon A. Megee, USMC, Assistant Director, Marine Aviation:

"... Marine Corps aviation, by its very nature, has long specialized in the development of techniques for the close air support of ground forces. This has always been our principal mission—the chief reason for our existence as a separate branch of Naval Aviation.

"... From the beginning, we of the Marine Corps recognized that if our air arm was to support our ground troops effectively in amphibious operations we would usually need to be carrier based. We also recognized that in a full scale operation we would undoubtedly need assistance from naval air squadrons. Accordingly, Marine squadrons were equipped and trained as a primary mission for the close air support of troops. By virtue of their carrier training during fleet operations, the Marine aviators qualified for their secondary mission—that of replacement squadrons for the carrier task forces.

"... The recorded history of Army-Air Force cooperation prior to and during the early part of the war is largely one of frustration and disappointment for the ground forces. Then, as now, the primary concern of the Air Force High Command was with the theory of independent air operations.

"... The Germans owe most of their early blitzkrieg successes to the effective employment of their tactical aviation in close support of troops.

"... The Japanese rolled up an impressive list of early victories, characterized by skillful integration of tactical aviation with surface force actions.

"... The Russians, however, probably have the most impressive record of successful air-ground cooperation. Once they got going they rolled over the bulk of the huge German armies, making consecutive advances totalling some 1200 miles. Their fighters and Stormovik attack planes were more than a match for the German Air Force, which they decisively defeated; and having thus gained command of the air were able to concentrate on the German armies, cutting their lines of supply, blocking their routes of retreat, and finally aiding the ground forces by direct attack on the German battalions.

". . . With this record of outstanding success to guide them, is it not reasonable to assume that the Russians might again adhere to their concept (as stated by Marshal Novikoo) that 'the essential duty of the Air Force is that of bringing their cooperation and support to their ground forces.' Stalin, himself, is quoted as follows: 'In modern war it is very difficult for infantry to fight without tanks and sufficient air support.' We can reasonably assume that the only change the Russians are apt to make will be toward improvement of what has been successful. We might point out that the Russians did not indulge in strategic bombing; their Air Force was—and still is—a tactical Air Force."

The Case of the Three Officer

By LtCol Roger Willock

FOR THE MOMENT IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE A COMmissioned officer of one of the branches of the armed
forces of any one of the first class nations in this world
today. It makes absolutely no difference whether you
happen to be an Army colonel, a Navy commander, a
Marine major, an Air Force captain, or a Coast Guard
lieutenant. Along with two other officers of your partic
ular branch of the service and half a dozen enlisted
ratings you have recently been assigned to some foreign
power under a contractual relationship as a member of
a military (naval and/or aviation) training mission to
the armed forces of the latter nation, and you have just
arrived at your new station overseas with the idea of remaining on such duty for two or possibly three years.

For some months past your own country has been engaged in a "cold war" with another power, and when you left your native shores there was every indication that things were getting warmer although outright hostlities were not immediately unminent. To your utter amozement and horror, hardly have you gotten shaken down and squared away in your new billet when you receive official word to the effect that this morning at 0900

What would your decision be if you were stranded in a foreign country with no funds, no army, and not even a government to support you? Three French officers faced this situation in South America when Hitler conquered France and set up the Vichy regime

GCT the army (navy) of your country was decisively defeated on the field (sea) of battle by the aggressor nation. You also learn that an official surrender has taken place; and that as one of the terms of the armistice agreement your nation is to be occupied by the armed forces of the victorious aggressor; that a new political regime at home is to be organized under a puppet completely dominated by the victor; and that the particular branch of the service you represent, in fact the uniform you wear, has been wiped out of existence. Just to sew up any loose ends, your pay check isn't going to be honored any more for the simple reason that the new regime repudiated your country's means of financial exchange, be it pesos, pounds, or piastres; cruzeiros, dollars, or francs. In short, things could hardly be worse.

It begins to dawn on you like a delay-action fuse that there is no quick and easy solution to your predicament—and don't think you're not precisely in rear of the eight ball. For the moment the foreign power which has contracted your services has been obligingly neutral, but there is no guarantee that she will so remain due to alliance terms with other powers. After the licking your army (navy) took this morning you aren't going to be treated with too much consideration either. Should the foreign nation in which you are presently serving decide to climb down off the neutral platform you can start thinking about your future period of internship.

As yet you have few details, but it appears that even though your country should decide to reform itself in exile its chances of ever coming out on top at this minute are rather remote. Should you desire to make your way to the seat of your government in exile you have a major transportation problem. It just so happens that at present you are some 3500 miles distant via land and sea from the territorial limits of the nearest nation sympathetic to what's left of your government, and you just can't drop in at your nearest naval station or advanced overseas operating base in your particular geographic area because you have learned that their respective commanders have either capitulated under the armistice agreement or are of a mind to do so at any moment.

You can expect no help from your local embassy or legation because its members have already been recalled, and are soon to be replaced with others whose sympathies are in harmony with the occupying force within your country. Getting a passport with the proper visas is going to be a problem, and by this time you are well

aware that without convincing identification papers and a ream of police permits you couldn't move 50 miles in any direction. And last of all, should you desire to return to your occupied country you know full well what's in store for you—either you play ball with the invaders or you get the one gun salute at dawn—in the back.

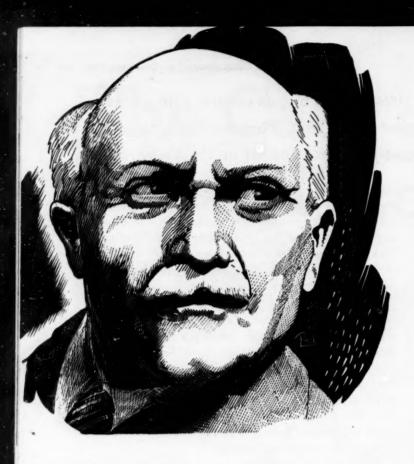
But you say, "Hold on" and "Wait a minute"—"It couldn't happen to me or to my country; we're too big and too powerful; nobody could get us down." And then you add, "They'd never sell us out like that at home; why your whole hypothesis is ridiculous." And finally you make some additional comment to the effect that this sort of thinking is downright treasonable, and the bird who cooked up this hypothetical situation either ought to have the "book" thrown at him or he should be confined as a dangerous lunatic.

All right, you've got it off your chest. Your immediate reactions are understandable but your memory is not so good. Remember Finland, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, France, and Greece? Remember the Nazi Air Force, the paratroopers, and the *Panzer* units in 1939-40? What do you think happened to officers of those defeated nations who were serving overseas when their countries went under? We're not dealing with hypothetical situations in these instances but with facts. What would you have done had you been in their shoes, and how would you have done it?

The Case of the Three European Officers

In EARLY 1940 three European army officers were contracted to serve as members of a military training mission to one of the Latin American powers, and by June of that year had arrived in the capital of the latter nation all set to go to work. Now it just so happened that the three officers in question happened to be Frenchmen, representing the French Army and wearing its uniform, but they could just as well have been Polish Army officers, Norwegians, or Greeks. You will not find these names in any French Army list as the officers have been purposely assigned pseudonyms: Gen de la Haye, Col Reynault, and LtCol Citroen (if you haven't already guessed it, the assigned surnames are those of popular makes of French motor cars).

In June of 1940, Nazi Germany lowered the boom on la belle France; by July Marshal Petain had been hauled out of retirement by the forces of occupation to act as a puppet; and from that date until November 1942 when



the particular Latin American nation severed relations with Vichy France, those three French officers found themselves in that very awkward position outlined at the beginning of this article. Above and beyond the rigid restrictions placed on their freedom of expression and activity in the aforementioned situation were two other disturbing factors: (1) the presence on the scene of an American military mission (quartermaster and aviation training) assigned to that same Latin American nation after the fall of France, which gradually assumed many of the functions the French had intended to perform; and (2) the fact that Latin Americans, among other distinct traits of character, are pure realists—they like to be on the side that is winning the most battles, and during the period in question (June 1940-November 1942) the French armies at home or their remnants overseas as part of the fighting forces of the French government in exile weren't exactly chalking up a string of impressive victories.

To add to all their problems were the activities of the German, Italian, and Japanese military and/or naval attaches on duty in that same capital—these individuals did everything in their power (quite legally) to discredit France in the eyes of the local Latin Americans along with their efforts to throw cold water on the British war effort. They didn't have any good words to say for the United States and Lend-Lease either, as could be expected. Until the Latin American government broke relations with Germany, Italy, and Japan in December, 1941, following Pearl Harbor, the propaganda campaign sown by the Axis agents ran unchecked, and was of no material assistance to the three French officers all of

whom already had their troubles and then some.

So now you have the situation and the general background. Let's turn to the three individual Frenchmen and find out what each one did and how he did it.

The Case of Gen de la Haye

As CHIEF of the French Military Mission, de la Haye held the temporary rank of brigadier general, although actually he was a retired colonel recalled to active duty in 1939. He had a long and distinguished service record having been stationed overseas in various French colonial possessions prior to, as well as after, World War I. During the conflict of 1914-18 he served on the Western Front—France and Belgium. He was a graduate of the Command and Staff College, and for several years prior to his retirement had been assigned staff duties exclusively.

In appearance Gen de la Haye bore a rather startling likeness to a portrait of any one of half a dozen French general officers of the Franco-Prussian war era. An elderly gentleman with white hair, a thin mustache, and a modest trace of an Emperor Napoleon III beard, Gen de la Haye when attired in his black tunic, "scrambled egg" kepi, and baggy red trousers of the Metropolitan Army was quite definitely something to see. In short he was a perfect picture of a distinguished military personage, a "grand Old Master" of the art of warfare, who could now stand on the side lines and pass out valuable advice to the up-and-coming young officers of the present generation.

There was no end of discussion among the officers of the Latin American Republic to which de la Haye had been assigned as to just what the General represented. The officers of general rank were tolerant of de la Have and his theories on the grounds that age, rank, and experience rate privileges. Not so broad-minded were the field officers, who although willing to admit the General was a nice old fellow who didn't mean any harm, nevertheless felt that for the most part he was a "has been," and that his military opinions were but one step beyond the bow and arrow stage. But it was among the company officers, as could be expected, and the most junior ones at that, that a candid opinion not too flattering to the General could be discovered. This group in private felt that he was an A-1, first-class "fuddy duddy" who should not be entrusted with any job more complicated than filling in forms or writing his memoirs. Regardless of which clique had him sized up properly, it is to the General's credit that he did his best in spite of the many handicaps under which he was laboring. After all it must have been most difficult for him to exert the influence so necessary for the successful operation of his mission when he wore the uniform of the army of a major European nation so recently and decisively defeated on the field of battle.

Following the armistice with Nazi Germany in June 1940 and the creation of the Vichy Government under the direction of Marshal Petain in July. Gen de la Have must have realized that the worst had come to pass-France was now under the heel of the invader, and the French Army of which he had been a member and which he represented had ceased to exist. Inasmuch as to him Petain was a French Army officer of the old school, the only thing to do was to carry on as if nothing had transpired, or at least until he received orders from home to disband the mission and return to France. For over a year de la Haye, as well as Reynault and Citroen, continued to wear their French uniforms and to attend all military ceremonies and social receptions as before. By mid-1941, however, with Gen Giraud imprisoned in Occupied France, with Gen de Gaulle in England recruiting for the Free (Fighting) French on the one hand, and with Vichy France and Marshal Petain at odds with the Allies on the other, Gen de la Haye knew that sooner or later he would have to choose sides. To make matters more complex, the attitude of the local French Legation was changing daily, gradually falling more and more under the dominance of the Vichy Government.

₽ By the time 1942 rolled around things had gone from bad to worse. Deprived of his army pay from France, fearing that any day the Latin American Government might abrogate the mission contract (along with his contract salary) now that the United States was at war, plus the fact that the local government might sever relations overnight with Vichy France, Gen de la Haye decided that the only course open to him was to return to Occupied France. By this time the American Military Mission was in full swing, and very definitely occupied the center of the ring. It should also not be forgotten that the future of any French resistance effort looked none too rosy, particularly in the light of the current lack of success of the Allies in early 1942-Pearl Harbor was still more or less in shambles; the Japs were running practically unchecked in the Western Pacific; Rommel was having things his own way in North Africa (the American landing was then many months distant); Adm Darlan currently had the situation under control at Dakar; and Adm Robert with his aircraft carrier and two cruisers in the harbor at Martinique was still safely ensconced in his West Indian retreat in spite of Allied pressure.

There is this to be said in defense of de la Haye's decision to throw in the towel: he was too old to render any effective fighting assistance to de Gaulle; to offer resistance to Vichy would mean taking up arms against his idol, Marshal Petain, and in any event would only lead to imprisonment and the eclipse of his military career; the surviving members of his family were living in Occupied France and he feared reprisal against them;



and things being what they were his mission was accomplishing nothing, but rapidly disintegrating in morale within itself. Members of the armed forces of the Latin American Republic were now openly treating him with scorn (the company officers by this time did not even bother to salute him, and even the general officers avoided him as much as possible); already the members of the military mission were divided in their political sympathies; so in the General's opinion the safest course was to return to France and hope for the best.

In the late spring of 1942 he therefore proceeded to the French Legation, picked up his passport, bade adieu to the new friends he had left at the capital, and after some delay secured passage aboard a vessel sailing for Argentina but with France his final destination.

The Case of Col Reynault

COL REYNAULT, as second in command of the military mission, acted as executive officer. He was well fitted for his assignment based on his professional education and field service. Commissioned during World War I, Reynault had been stationed in the Near East after the close of hostilities, specifically, the French Levant; and had later campaigned in Algeria and Morocco. He was a product of the highest staff school, and until his assignment to Latin America had been serving with the Metropolitan forces in France in a staff capacity.

Reynault, however, was victim to a basic weakness of character—the inability to make up his mind and then stick to it. Came the day in 1940 when France went under and Reynault's troubles began. Whereas by early 1942 it was obvious to him that Gen de la Haye's political sympathies were tuned to the Vichy Government on one hand, and that LtCol Citroen's thoughts had turned to the Fighting French on the other, Col Reynault found himself floundering in a sea of indecision. For a time Reynault would sympathize with the General's views; he would weigh the matter in his mind for a short period and then sound out Citroen. Reynault acted like an overly-cautious amateur at a race track—he listened to all the tips but he never placed a bet, fearing he could not select the sure winner yet at the same time realizing that he could not afford to lose.

As the months passed, Reynault lost face not only to other members of the military mission but also to the Latin American officers whom it was his duty to instruct. He seemed to be torn between his duty to his senior, Gen de la Haye, and to his country as a Frenchman. As to Citroen, Reynault placed that officer in a category contemplating outright mutiny if not treason. To add to Reynault's troubles he became aware of the fact that even the remnants of the local French colony, not to mention the French Legation, considered him a poor risk—they had correctly surmised that if he jumped at all it would be too late.

Following the departures of both de la Haye and Citroen for Occupied France and French Africa, respectively, Reynault remained in the capital without an income and without friends. Eventually his mind was made up for him when in November 1942 the particular Latin American Republic which had once engaged his services declared him persona non grata following the severance of diplomatic relations with Vichy France.

The Case of LtCol Citroen

SIMILAR to his two associates, de la Haye and Reynault, Citroen was brilliant, well-educated, and experienced in his profession. In other respects he was of an entirely different breed. Citroen had as many service ribbons as the General; however, he was not the type who displayed them on his uniform even though all of them had been won in actual combat. He was a first class fighting man, not just another staff officer assigned to some GHQ. Unlike de la Haye and Reynault, the majority of whose careers had been linked with the Metropolitan Army, Citroen had taken part in most of the active campaigning overseas with the Colonial Army in the 1920s and early 1930s. Above and beyond all this, LtCol Citroen was first and foremost an idealist—he had endless faith in his country, his army, and himself.

His service record indicated some rugged experience. Commissioned after World War I, Citroen, as an artillery officer, served with mountain and field batteries in Morocco and Algeria. He took part in the Riff Campaign in Morocco, culminating in the defeat and exile of Abd-

el-Krim in 1926, while attached to an infantry battalion of the French Foreign Legion. The following year saw him in Syria campaigning against the Jebel Druze. Later he served in French Indo-China, and in the early 1930s was a member of the French Garrison at Shanghai—on more than one occasion Citroen mentioned his admiration for the U.S. Marines then on duty at that station. Returning to France he was graduated from the Command and Staff School, and was assigned as a member of a military mission to a Latin American Republic just prior to his country's being overrun by the Nazi throng.

Of incidental interest were Citroen's qualifications as a linguist. Aside from his native French, Citroen had an excellent command of Spanish; he had studied Arabic; he was familiar with the dialect of more than one Moroccan tribe; and he had a fair working knowledge of English.

Until the departure of the Chief of the French Military Mission in 1942, Citroen at least outwardly maintained the proper respect due his superior, Gen de la Haye, although gradually he became increasingly contemptuous of de la Haye's political sympathies for the Vichy regime. As for Reynault's vacillating tactics, Citroen avoided Reynault as if the latter had the plague, and never mentioned his name in conversation. Whereas it was not unusual for de la Haye and Citróen to attend official receptions in company, Citroen would hastily excuse himself if he found Reynault to be also present.

Mission to all effects automatically ground to a slow stop. Likewise the contract pay checks from the Latin American Republic. Reduced to his meager savings and with no imminent means of income, Citroen went more or less underground. He shifted to civilian clothes, ceased to take part in any entertainment, official or otherwise, and began to put his long thought-out plans into operation. He was obsessed with the idea that somehow he must make his way to Africa to join the Fighting French. It was not difficult to guess what Citroen had in mind, especially after he had asked a few leading questions dealing with the availability of shipping which might get him across the Atlantic.

Transportation was Citroen's principal problem. To begin with, the capital wherein he was then residing was some 400 miles from the coast. Shipping, since early 1942, calling at Caribbean ports bound east across the Atlantic for Europe or Africa was practically non-existent. Air travel was likewise out. In Citroen's case it was necessary to give the French West Indies (Adm Robert) a wide berth; he could expect no assistance from French Guiana; and because of the unsettled state of affairs at Dakar (Adm Darlan), he would be wise to steer clear of that port if by chance he were lucky enough to cross the Atlantic. The local French Legation would not grant

him a passport nor the proper visas unless he agreed to return to Occupied France—the thought farthest from Citroen's mind—and the Foreign Office of the Latin American Republic would not grant him an exit permit without the passport and visas.

Other problems were the accumulation of sufficient funds and influential friends. Inasmuch as his wife and two small children would have to be left behind at the capital, some provision had to be made for their support. Madame Citroen, incidentally, proved her loyalty quite early in the game. The daughter of one of the most colorful, dynamic, and utterly hard-boiled general officers of the French Army with a World War I record of personal gallantry second to none, Madame Citroen had shared the hardships of army life for twenty years with her husband. Her talents were many and varied-she cut quite a dash on the ballroom floor; she was an excellent horsewoman; and she had no objection to getting her hands dirty when it came to helping her mate extricate himself from a nasty spot. To assist Citroen amass sufficient funds for his impending journey she quietly gave up the modest rented house at the capital, sold the furnishings and her own clothes for what they would bring, and moved into a boarding house with her youngsters where she took a job as a housekeeper.

As to just how Citroen accomplished his remarkable journey from South America to French Congo will probably remain a mystery for the simple reason that Citroen did not feel called upon to go into detail. Several months after his disappearance from the capital the local press printed a short news item on the front page to the effect that word had been received that Citroen had joined the Fighting French Forces under the command of Gen Le Clerc at Lake Chad, French Equatorial Africa (French Congo), and that he had been promoted to the rank of colonel. When questioned, Madame Citroen had but little more to add. She stated that she had received a letter from her husband in which he mentioned briefly that he had cleared a South American port and had worked his passage as a deck hand aboard a series of vessels eventually landing in Brazzaville, French Congo, and that thereafter he had made his way north and inland to Lake Chad. A glance at a map of Africa will show that Brazzaville at the mouth of the Congo River and Lake Chad near the northwest boundary of the Cameroons are definitely more than the space of an overnight hike apart. It would be interesting to know how Citroen successfully traversed one of the most difficult stretches of terrain in all of Western Africa.

In the early fall of 1943 Madame Citroen received news of her husband from which she learned that he had taken part as a member of Gen Le Clerc's famous expedition which had marched and fought its way against recalcitrant Turaegs and other native tribesmen north across



the Sahara Desert, and which finally teamed up with other Fighting French Forces in Algeria. At the rate Citroen was progressing, it became more or less inevitable that the luck of this practically indefatigable French officer could not hold out forever. In August 1944, a New York newspaper in a press release concerning the Allied invasion of Southern France listed among the casualties at Marseilles MajGen Citroen, a division commander of the French Expeditionary Corps under Gen Jean de Lattre de Tassigny.

An Analysis

For So Now you have the entire story. Or to be more precise, most of it—the final dispositions of de la Haye and Reynault are unknown. Looking back you might say that Gen de la Haye committed an error of commission—in the long run he bet on the wrong horse, but to his credit he did what he thought was right. As for Col Reynault, his error was one of omission-by the time he got to the window the horses had already left the starting gate. And as for LtCol Citroen, you might say that he backed a long shot, yet only after he had arrived at what he considered the only solution, and once having planned his course of action the good luck which seemingly so often accompanies calculated audacity, absolute perseverance, and a determined will to win, saw him the only one of the three officers to engage in an invasion to free his country from the hated Nazis. At the very moment of victory fate prevented him from enjoying the full award due him.

In Citroen's case it was not just a matter of luck, nor of intestinal fortitude, but more a matter of sheer determination. The late Colonel of Marines, John W. Thomason, Jr., in one of his published narratives dealing with campaigns of the American War between the States, wrote a passage as follows:

A man's bound to fight for what he believes in. He's bound to keep on fighting—that part of it's with him. But whether he wins or not—that's with God.

You might say that therein lies the case of LtCol Citroen. US₽MC

In Brief

The training of crack airborne troops is being stepped up by the Army and Air Force. In addition, training in use of fighter-bombers—the artillery of airborne opreations which supports swift advances of infantry and armored divisions—is being intensified. Both training plans have received priority over amphibious operations training.

Five aircraft carriers and six cruisers are among the 77 ships the Navy will place in mothballs under a new economy drive the Navy announced recently. The "mothballing" program hits the Navy's air arm heaviest, laying up about a fourth of the carrier strength. The new program will reduce the Pacific Fleet by about nine per cent and the Atlantic Fleet by about 12 per cent. However, the Navy's pride—the 45,000-ton aircraft carriers Franklin D. Roosevelt, Midway, and Coral Sea—continue afloat.

Sixty Navy-developed "Aerobee" rockets are scheduled to be fired by the Air Force at Holloman AFB, Alamogordo, N. Mexico, to fulfill a program investigating the composition of the atmosphere at altitudes up to 75 miles above the earth. The new program will supplement existing Army, Navy, and Air Force upper-atmosphere studies utilizing German V-2 rockets launched by the Army at its White Sands Proving Grounds, N. Mexico. Electronic recording instruments will be placed in special compartments of the 20-foot long Aerobees by thirty different U.S. colleges or research institutions during the program. Each research organization will be responsible for instrumenting one or more rockets at some time during the two year schedule of launchings.

The Air Force has awarded a contract for \$1,199,464 to the Boeing Aircraft Company for lifts capable of handling their largest bombs—22,000 and 50,000 pounds—it has been announced. Electric motors, actuating a hydraulic system in the 25-ton lift, can hoist the huge bombs and move them in any direction. One man operating six levers, thus can handle the huge bombs with ease. Behind a jeep or truck, and carrying a 25-ton bomb, the lifts can be towed as fast as twenty miles an hour. They are demountable for transport by air.

Applications from qualified Regular Navy and Marine Corps officers are being sought by the Chief of Naval Personnel for courses of instruction at the Photographic Interpretation Center in Washington, D. C. Qualified officers of the rank of ensign through commander in the Navy and second lieutenant through lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps may apply. Desired qualifications include training of college level and/or experience in one or more of the following fields: architecture, engineering, geology, cartography, photogrammetry, geography, mathematics or allied subjects.

In order to increase submarine effectiveness, the United States Navy is developing new instruments at its sound laboratory at New London, Conn. Among these devices is a telephone for voice communications through water which should prove of especial value between a submarine in distress and a searching party.

The Navy has announced that the world's most powerful radio station, designed to defy atmospheric high jinks across the North Pacific, will be constructed at Jim Creek, Wash., 65 miles northwest of Seattle, at a cost of \$7,000,000. A \$1,000,000 million-watt transmitter will send out longrange very low-frequency radio waves which are not affected by the magnetic or electrical disturbances which disrupt high-frequency radio waves. The low-frequency radio requires extremely high power and tremendous antennae. For the Jim Creek station, the Navy is planning an unusual antenna system strung from six 200-foot towers on each of two 2,000-foot ridges, Wheeler Mountain and Blue Mountain.

A new refueling in flight system has been announced by the Air Force. During a recent test, a B-29 tanker plane refueled a Boeing B-50. In using the new "flying boom" technique, the two planes fly in formation and the controlled, telescoping refueling boom carried beneath the tanker plane is inserted into a special socket in the nose of the receiver plane and fuel is transferred under pressure. It is believed that the new system, developed for the Air Force by the Boeing Aircraft Company, will alleviate some of the difficulties of the existing method of gravity feed refueling through a flexible hose extending from the tail of the tanker plane to the tail of the receiver plane.

An inexpensive, disposable oxygen mask made of paper and plastic has been developed for the Air Force by the University of Washington and the H. L. Burns Co., of Portland, Oregon. Light, compact, and easy to wear, the new mask fits into a five-by-seven-and-a-half inch flat envelope. Designed at the request of MATS, the new oxygen mask will cost only about 25 cents when mass produced. It can be used with standard and constant-flow equipment, and is effective from four to five hours.

Applications from qualified civilian women and enlisted personnel for commission in the Line and Supply Corps of the Navy are being accepted by the Navy Bureau of Personnel. Approximately 60 vacancies exist in the Supply Corps. At the present time the number of Line vacancies has not been determined. Indoctrination classes for women appointed will be convened twice annually, in January and July. To be eligible in the Line or Supply Corps, applicants must be not less than 21 nor more than 25 years of age on 1 January of the year in which appointed, be a graduate of an accredited college or university, physically qualified, unmarried, native born or a naturalized citizen of 10 years, and must not be the mother of a child under 18 years of age. The deadline for BuPers receipt of applications for the July class is 1 May.

The Army, Navy, and Air Force are cooperating in planning immense Caribbean winter maneuvers designed to test combat defense against the atom bomb. The war games will employ 80,000 men and 162 ships. Planners will assume that Vieques Island, off Puerto Rico, has been captured by an "aggressor" force capable of launching the A-bomb. The maneuver, largest of its kind staged with the full participation of all three services, will get underway in January. It will end about 1 March when a huge war fleet and the bulk of troops try to "recapture" Vieques. The Navy will use 162 ships of all types, including the Missouri, the largest carriers, and some units from the Pacific in a double assault on two beaches of 24-mile long Vieques. The Air Force will throw in two jet fighter groups-75 planes each-and jet reconnaissance planes. The Army will furnish one full division, plus airborne troops and the bulk of a regimental team.

A new blimp, capable of refueling in flight, has been started by the Goodyear Aircraft Company at Akron, Ohio. The largest nonrigid airship ever built, the lighter-than-air craft is designed to carry the latest equipment to combat schnorkel submarines. Two 7-cylinder Wright engines are to be mounted within the control car, enabling repairs to be made while the craft is in flight. The gas bag, with a capacity of 875,000 cubic feet, will be inflated with noninflammable helium. The new craft will have a speed of approximately 75 knots, a maximum gross weight of about 55,000 pounds, and will carry a useful load of more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons.

The first B-50 medium bomber to be equipped with track-tread landing gear recently completed its taxi tests. The super fortress carried the new experimental landing gear to investigate possibilities of utilizing unimproved, unpaved runways for operating by heavy aircraft, such as medium bombers, tankers, and transports. Other aircraft already have been equipped with the tractor-type landing gear.

The Third Marine Division Association has been established at Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif. Made up of former members of the wartime Third Marine Division, the association is open to present or former marines who served at any time with the unit. Applicants can send their names, addresses, and one-dollar yearly dues to the Secretary-Treasurer, Third Marine Division Association, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif. A reunion has been planned for early in 1950 at which time permanent officers will be elected and the association incorporated. Date and place of the reunion will be announced later.

The Martin XB-51, newest and most radical of all the USAF jet aircraft, with swept-back wings and T-shaped tail, completed its first flight test recently at the Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Md. Powered by three General Electric J-47 jet engines with a total thrust of 15,00 pounds, the new bomber is designed to give tactical air support to ground forces. The XB-51 has a wing span of approximately 55 feet, swept-back at an angle of 35 degrees.

Beware The Green Triangle

By 2dLt Charles H. Dean, Ir.



Photos by PFC Charles L. Chance

GOOD MARINES, AS SUCH, NEVER WORRY ABOUT AMphibious landings, so on the day the 2d Marine Division
rehearsed its landing on the Caribbean island of Vieques
everybody enjoyed a pleasant spring day in the tropical
sunshine. The actual maneuver was to begin the next day
with the landings at dawn. It was to be like landings
marines had made many times before, with an extra effort
to get those all-powerful tanks landed in the early waves.

The landings were to be resisted by a new type of maneuver enemy called Aggressor, and on rehearsal day Aggressor was not to be seen. It was assumed that the "enemy" was racked out or at worst was loading a few blank rounds for the machine guns that would surely be knocked out by those Marine tanks early in the operation.

Came the dawn and the troops landed to find that the beach terrain had changed. Usually in a landing the situation changed rapidly, but never the terrain. A huge wall of sand had been pushed up during the night by Aggressor bulldozers. The tanks landed, confident in their ability to negotiate the wall. But, it was slow going in the slippery sand and soon a neat line of Marine tanks had formed along the beach. While the drivers were shifting gears and backing around it happened. From out of the blazing sun the Aggressor air force struck, using the attack planes it relied on to assist the artillery. Um-

pires declared that the sitting-duck tanks were destroyed—and the landing, had it been real, might well have failed.

Initiative and resourcefulness, as demonstrated here, are among the more desirable traits exhibited by the men who fight under the green triangle on the white ensign. Where did these people come from? Where were they trained? Let us find out a little more about these demons who live to spoil the problem.

SHORTLY after the late conflict, the U. S. Army was faced with a new problem. Troops still had to be trained, but who was to act as the enemy? During World War II "Germans" and "Japs" had been the enemy in training, and an enemy of this type could be furnished with accuracy—right down to national traits. At the cessation of hostilities, for obvious reasons, real nations could no longer be used as imaginary enemies. It was felt that it would be futile to return to the use of Red and Blue armies for maneuvers. In the old days such exercises had offered little except difficult jobs for umpiring officers, and were typified by much lack of realism. Often your old buddy from over in the next regiment was acting as commander of the opposition, and it would be a shame to foul him up too much.

Staring this stalemate in the face, someone came up with an idea. Why not train one special unit to act as a realistic enemy? This was sooner said than done. Starting with a few enthusiastic backers in Fort Riley, Kansas,

¹Aggressor was first mentioned in the Marine Corps Gazette in the October 1948 issue which carried Why Not a Maneuver Enemy? by LtCol Cecil W. Schuler, USMC. In his article Col Schuler presented his case for a Marine Aggressor unit.

In order to add realism to maneuvers, the Marine Corps has adopted the Aggressor idea and the first unit has been organized at Quantico. A skeletal force, it can be expanded to simulate a large organization or used as full strength small one

in 1946, the potentialities of Aggressor were gradually sold to the U. S. Army. Equipment and men were authorized, and a new maneuver enemy was born.

The well-trained skeleton force was expanded into a full size bogey man only for use at maneuvers, and at other times remained a small group of specialists. This expansion has taken place many times to date as the Army's Aggressor has girded for battle, always with growing success.

Requests for aggressor forces keep rolling in, but not because Aggressor is an easy enemy to handle. At Army maneuvers at Camp Campbell, Ky., for instance, some pretty sly tricks were unveiled. Groups of "civilians" drifted through the front lines now and then, and often returned with high and captured brass in tow. This was probably the first use of "guerrilla" troops by a maneuver enemy. Aggressor propaganda in the same maneuvers appealed to the tired and thirsty troops to come on over for a free beer. Some "deserted" and found that the propaganda was no joke—the beer was cold.

MARINES, opposed by Aggressor at Vieques, were impressed. Not long ago MajGen Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., at Quantico, directed that the 22nd Marines (Reinf) form an aggressor unit to be used at the Marine Corps Schools. The first aggressor "Commandant" in the Marines Corps was Captain S. N. McLeod, USMC, who furnished some of the information necessary for this article.

These men of the Marine aggressors are briefed in the real history of Aggressor (i.e. operations of the U. S. Army Aggressors), but they grow much more fascinated when the instruction turns to the synthetic history, taught to add realism to the work they will be doing.

Now how, you might ask, is a realistic history presented without comparing Aggressor to some other existing nation or else being utterly fantastic? See if you feel that the following is plausible:

Shortly after the last war the Allies withdrew their troops from most parts of Europe. This withdrawal was characterized by such haste that large amounts of materiel were left behind to rot. Europe was left in the throes of hunger, cold, and political unrest. A new party, the Intrudists, was formed with its center of operations in relatively intact Spain. Promising organization and prosperity and using the words democracy and the people often in its propaganda, the party rapidly spread to other parts of Southern Europe. It eventually embraced peoples in Southern France, Northern Italy, and Bavaria, with the

help of a probing fifth column and the aid of a few well-placed, short, and violent revolutions.

Now ALL of this is obvious fiction, as it should be, but we in Aggressor try to make it logical by careful presentation. The Aggressor "nation" is complete with politics, industry, and personalities. It is not a nation of fools. It obtained the initial secret support of the great powers by playing one against the other with the hint that Aggressor, as a buffer nation, would restore the "desirable" balance of power to Europe. Its propaganda has painted Aggressor as being a strong but peace-loving nation. It has obtained the support of its people by offering the freedom of the democracies coupled with the efficiency of totalitarianism. To give an example, the people in Aggressor Land have complete religious freedom. They are allowed a relative (to the rest of starving Europe) amount of prosperity. The only catch to living in Aggressor Land is that there is not much choice of jobs. Efficiency calls for the placing of the individual in his best suited occupation and keeping him there.

Aggressor's leaders are not developing a peace-loving nation. Instead, they plan to eventually dominate the resources of the world, and figure that the best way to start toward this domination is to attack the strongest power that could resist the scheme. That's where the United States comes in. Aggressor planned and executed an invasion of the coast of California, hoping to obtain a negotiated peace and an alliance with the United States. This attack failed, not due to poor military planning, but to poor logistic support.

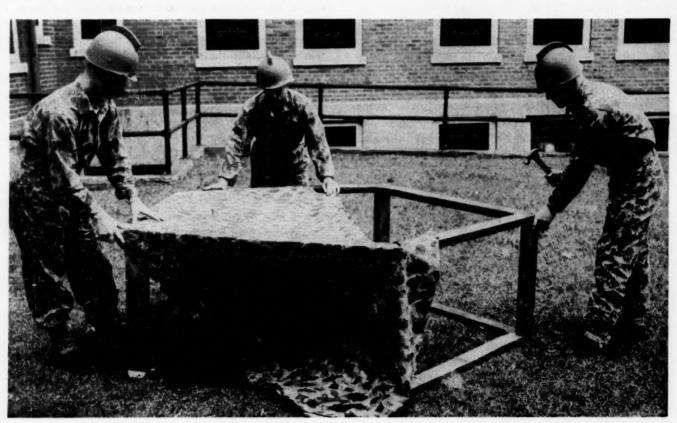
Are you, the reader, interested, but dubious as to the realism of the possibility of a California invasion? You must remember that this general presentation only scratches the surface. We failed to point out, for instance, that Aggressor seized the Panama Canal as a step to this invasion, largely through the efforts of a fifth column, planted there in the guise of displaced persons.

FICTIONAL, yes, but at least it gives us Aggressors an idea as to where we come from, the type of people we represent, and the motivating influences that drive us on. To carry it on from there, and to make the background

Lt Dean, Naval Academy '47 formerly was a student at the University of Tennessee. One of the pioneers in the Corps' Aggressor work, this is his first GAZETTE article.



Above: The Aggressor platoon consists of three squads and includes every type of specialist. Below: Aggressor troops have learned to improvise field fortifications from field expedients. A pillbox is rigged up at Quantico.





Above: In the defense, Aggressor emphasizes extreme stubborness and as much trickery as possible in the form of ambushes and the like. Below: Loud speakers and records are used to pipe battle noises over the front lines



information available for intelligence valid, the Aggressor nation is complete with elaborate armed forces organizations. Its navy is small, but potent: It specializes in submarine warfare, as developed by German scientists who flocked to the cause, and small carriers used to escort troop transports. The Aggressor air force picked up planes of the attack and light bomber varieties left behind in Europe by Uncle Sam. These planes form the backbone of her air power and much emphasis is placed on close support of front line infantry units and the use of attack planes in artillery missions against reverse slope defenses. The Aggressor air force also is well equipped with transport aircraft and is studying the advantages of resupply by air and complete substitution of airborne for amphibious operations. The California venture convinced her leaders that perhaps the sea was not Aggressor's best avenue of approach to other continents.

WE IN Quantico, as well as the U. S. Army Aggressors, are interested primarily in the Aggressor land army. It can generally be described by mentioning the fact that it has a marked similarity to the armies of the United States and European nations. Aggressor has, in fact, adopted the best policies and tactics as employed by the old German Wehrmacht, the present day Russian Army, and the U. S. Army. This composite similarity is complete right down to the elite Fusilier units and the sub-machine gun mop-up units that accompany the armored and mechanized forces.

Unification is no problem in Aggressor land. The armed forces high command is in absolute control of all the military functions of the government. Unity of command is stressed at all levels of the Army. When artillery and antitank units are coordinated in the defense, for example, the senior officer of the two units is in absolute command. There are no inter-service or inter-unit rivalries permitted in the totalitarian state that is Aggressor.

STARTING with two giant operational groups that divide the homeland into two sections, the organization is complete right down to the 10-man rifle squad. The army groups present an interesting idea. They divide the country by predominate nationalities (remember that Aggressor is still a land of many peoples), and forces are recruited from the area of the group they will serve with. Recruits and outfits being reorganized are placed in a third group, the replacement command, that serves both operational groups.

The Aggressor homeland is further divided into corps areas which have definite geographical boundaries and furnish troops for several divisions each. The breakdown into sectional corps is for administrative purposes, similar to the U. S. Army's service commands. This detailed breakdown in a large measure overcomes difficulties created by the various languages employed by Aggressor

peoples. By it, all troops in a given division will speak the same language.

For field operations the two army groups that divide the nation are subdivided into four armies each. Each army has from two to five corps. These are combat corps with little connection to the area corps previously mentioned. The corps are infantry, mechanized, armored, and airborne. They are broken into divisions along the most modern lines, it being interesting to note that at least one full division of artillery is included in each of the larger corps.

Why so thorough? With an armed force that is developed in such detail, Aggressor can have a complete and logical order of battle, and does. Any officer reading this now may be called on to assemble bits of intelligence data and determine which of these mighty forces is opposing him.

WHEN Army or Marine Aggressor detachments are called on to operate, they select from the order of battle logical units which they might represent. With these selections as a guide, the entire intelligence picture is set up for the "enemy" to grasp if he can only put together the pieces. Insignia is placed on the uniforms representing the units chosen. Classified documents, identification cards, messages, maps, and other papers are placed on those who might become prisoners of the "enemy" maneuvering forces. Even the equipment carried by Aggressor forces is a key to the unit represented. For example, many Aggressor units carry a high percentage of full automatic weapons of the tommy-gun variety, and may be identified to some extent by these weapons.

This leads us to a consideration of the (theoretical) Aggressor equipment. Some of this equipment is being manufactured by the ever-expanding industrial system, but much of it was picked up around Europe after the war. Aggressors are equipped with a hodge-podge of arms, representing the pick of the leftovers, regardless of who made them initially. Much of this equipment is of U. S. origin, for American armies, along with those of the other Allies, you will remember, secured the European area post-haste in a flurry of war weariness.

One of the big problems confronting Aggressor leadership at present is standardization of equipment. Aggressor artillery, for instance, employs a tremendous variety of weapons, ranging from a 20mm cannon for use against mechanized vehicles up to a huge 240mm howitzer. Grey hair and harried looks are the distinguishing features of the ammunition manufacturers in Aggressor land these days.

AGGRESSOR manufacture is now directed toward tank and aircraft production. It is thought that they have chemical, biological, but few, if any, atomic agents. Jet planes are still in the early stages of perfection in their air forces—attack aviation holding the key role and employing reciprocating engines.

The Aggressor uniform is either jungle green or camouflage. It features rank insignia for officers on shoulder, enlisted on sleeve. Patches on collar and sleeve indicate branch and unit. A distinctive helmet with a ridge across the top, in the style of the ancient Trojan warriors, helps to make the maneuver enemy easy to identify.

Uniforms are easy to duplicate, and we in Aggressor can do this with some dye, cloth, and a few well placed requisitions. The tremendous amounts of gear that go to make up the theoretical firepower and maneuver power of Aggressor forces are a different story. Part of the solution lies in the employment of pneumatic tanks and guns of every description. These are brought to life by using records and loud speakers to pipe battle noises over the front lines. Resourceful minds have created a device that makes a flash like an artillery piece and follows this with the appropriate noise several seconds later. Other devices are equally ingenious, one being a pistol that fires a capsule into the air which explodes harmlessly, indicating an artillery air burst. Firecrackers, booby-trap flares, and similar noise and nuisance-making devices are prevalent. These are now employed by Army Aggressors and eventually will be made available to Marine units.

- ₱ OTHER Aggressor weapons are clever propaganda and full employment of initiative and wits. At Vieques, Marines found leaflets similar to those that plagued army commanders at the Camp Campbell maneuvers, emphasizing the physical discomforts of that sandy island and the pleasures of a soft bed and cool drinks behind the Aggressor lines. One Marine artillery forward observer probably is still wondering how part of his observer team was captured so easily. As for use of wits, Vieques furnished another good example of Aggressor ingenuity. At a road block along the Marine front lines, the sentries, probably proud that they were in the know, loudly called out challenges when anyone was seen several hundred yards off. Aggressors easily overheard the sign and countersign, worked their way through the lines, assembled, and seized key personnel at an artillery command post.
- THE LARGE scale tactics of the Aggressor armies are carefully set forth and adhered to. The great emphasis is on artillery as the dominant arm in combat, and it is massed in ponderous, if not clumsy, groups. Its fire effectively clears the way for the infantry assault, which employs the tank-infantry team whenever possible. If a slight penetration is effected, large mobile armored reserves are thrown into the breach as a spearhead, which, if effective, are followed by fast-moving mechanized infantry divisions. All concentrations of armored, mechan-

ized, and artillery divisions are accomplished at night, the units being moved into carefully prepared and camouflaged positions.

Following the break-through the double envelopment is used in a manner similar to that employed by the old German panzer divisions in their pincer movements. Due to logistic difficulties, and the large bulk of artillery that must be moved, Aggressor army operations are generally of the limited objective variety. As Aggressor expands her automotive manufacture this strategic concept may change. As a matter of fact, Aggressor tank production is on schedule and the tanks are excellent. Marine units who expect to engage Aggressor forces should note that an alert, up to the minute tank defense is indicated.

In the defense, Aggressov emphasizes extreme stubborness and as much trickery as is possible in the form of ambushes and the like. Armored units attacking Aggressor positions are often snared in an artillery trap when Aggressor causes antitank weapons to open fire at long range, thereby canalizing the advance into areas which have been registered upon beforehand. Small detachments of infantry are often equipped to simulate a main line of resistance to get the enemy to attack parallel to the real front lines and trap themselves in Aggressor enfilade fire. Night operations are often employed to minimize casualties, and because Americans apparently have an aversion to them.

This general study of Aggressor organization, weapons, and tactics serves to make an important point concerning your present-day maneuver enemy. It not only employs modern weapons and tactics, but also in many cases radical ones. By using unusual schemes of maneuver and weapon distributions against more or less standard and "tried and proven" tactics held over from World War II, we subject our policies to constant check. Aggressor, maneuverable, alert, and radical, should help prevent that type of stagnated military thinking that tends to stereotype tactics along lines developed in the "last war," whichever war that happens to be. The reader may have been asking himself at times such questions as "That sounds like a good set-up, why don't we try it?" The answer is, of course, that we might well try it some day, if it works well for Aggressor against our armed forces. In postwar Arctic maneuvers snorkel submarines, operating under the Aggressor banner, met with success against our fleet. This encouraged continuation of experiments on this type of vessel. Unification, for instance, has already made the American defense organization more similar to the ultra-functional organization employed in Aggressor Land.

Accressor army tactics, as laid down above, are employed on a small scale by all existing (real life) "maneuver men." Small units are equipped with their







Troops are taught to utilize camouflage to the utmost.

Communications is a big item in any aggressor organization. Semaphore, so often neglected by Marines, is used.

Insignia of rank is worn on the shoulder by officers and on the sleeve by enlisted men.

share of tanks and guns, the Aggressor tables of equipment includes antiaircraft batteries which can be emplaced to serve the added role of antitank weapons, and effect a saving in weapons.

Present maneuver enemy organizations are skeletal and can therefore be used as large simulated units or as small full-strength units as the problem requires. The Quantico Aggressor detachment is a good illustration of this. It has infantry, tank, artillery, communications, antitank, mortar, and machine gun sections. These are in skeleton form, with only key (non-commissioned and commissioned officer) personnel always present in the unit, which has a total strength of only about sixty persons. Flexibility is the keynote in this group's organization. It can go out as a small Aggressor unit, using members of all sections as infantrymen. It can pick up additional personnel from other units and represent a battalion by employing various personnel and equipment ratios, up to one for six, which is considered to be the largest ratio practicable.

This leads us to a discussion of the training that

marines must get to act as efficient maneuver enemies. We are operating under the theory that each Aggressor must be a good, all-round marine, and know just all there is to know about such subjects as small unit tactics, scouting and patrolling, and map reading. Intelligence, weapons, and special subjects such as Aggressor tactical doctrines, language and history are also covered. All personnel, regardless of primary specialty number, are given the same training. Occasionally various specialists go out alone to keep their hands in at their original field. The artillery section, for instance, will go out to witness and even take part in firing problems with "E" Battery, 10th Marines, whenever this is possible.

As it is a science to be a good Marine, it is also a science to be a good Aggressor. We in Aggressor try to solve our problems before they arise by setting up operating procedures that are practical. So that you, when you oppose Aggressor, might better understand how we operate, problem procedure will be briefly outlined here.

Some school, desiring intelligent opposition to one of its problems, notifies us through the medium of the various operations offices of it requirements. If the problem is to have any significance in intelligence training we must first select the units from the order of battle that we shall represent in the field. Work then begins in creating the various patches and insignia necessary to attach to our convertible green uniforms. Often we shall be just Aggressors, with an assigned mission of small unit opposition, such as for early Basic School problems.

The next step is to line up necessary equipment. Pneumatic gear will be used when available. In the meantime Marines will makeshift with wood, cardboard, chicken wire, and such other field expedients as are at hand.

Communications are another big item on most problems. By nature we are a thinly-deployed outfit so we

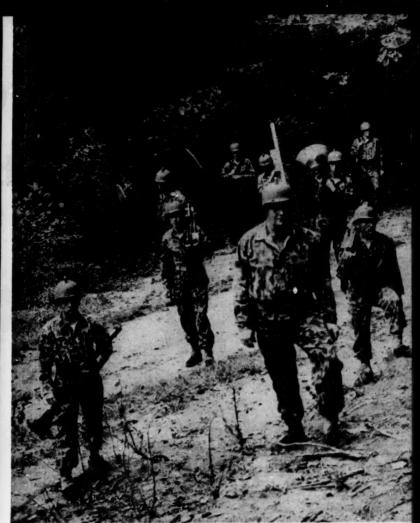


An Aggressor soldier dons hunting garb over his unitorm to slip past the enemy lines in search for information.

obtain as many radios as we can. Semaphore, so often neglected in a marine's training, also helps us fill in the gaps.

Special study is in order for each problem. This is due to the large number of theoretical weapons we employ. A rubber gun can represent anything we choose from a 20mm to a 240mm piece. Usually gun and tank crews are equipped with cards showing the capabilities and limitations of the real weapons as represented by the mock-ups. Umpires have every right to know when, for instance, Aggressor is employing a wooden antitank gun that has an effective range of 1200 yards and a penetrating power of four inches on effective armor plate. We have these details available and they were scientifically worked out.

F IF Aggressor prisoners are to beta ken by the "enemy" we must prepare them. As a rule all forward units are briefed because we dislike "giving away" prisoners. Some captives will be talkative, others quite mum. Some, if questioned properly, can be coached to throw valuable light on the intelligence picture. Documents clarify this picture and are prepared using Aggressor language which is so generally garbled that it must be sent to a high-level intelligence office for interpretation.



Light equipment, easy to carry on short notices from place to place, is a must for the Aggressor detachment.

WE FEEL that Aggressor will be valuable in eliminating "canned" problems and in creating a fast-moving and realistic situation. Aggressor is a strong nation, with a strong armed force. It is to be emphasized that this armed force is not supposed to be made up of supermen. It has its elite units, such as paratroopers and fusiliers, and its ordinary foot soldiers. All units and weapons have their limitations. It should be noted that the Aggressor air force is not yet strong in strategic bombers or in interceptors. Our mechanized forces lack adequate troop carriers, and our logistic weaknesses make unlimited operations on a large land mass presently inadvisable. Our artillery is powerful, but so bulky that a swift armored break-through must depend largely on accompanying selfpropelled pieces and attack aviation for support.

In spite of our weaknesses, we of Aggressor will try to give you a rough time of it. Our defenses will be active with much offensive patrol action included. Our tactics might be a little unorthodox at times, but so might any true enemy's. Our morale is high. The green triangle hangs over our beachheads down at the 22nd Marines. If you have a problem soon, beware of that green triangle.

The Japanese Guessed BISMARCK ARCHIPELACO NEW BRITAIN RAW DO GREW AT New Georgia BOUCAINVILLE KOLOMBANGARA KOLOMBANGARA GUADALCANAL Solomon GUADALCANAL Solomon GUADALCANAL Solomon Solomon Guadalcanal Solomon Solomon Guadalcanal

MARINES OF THE 9TH DEFENSE BATTALION SHUFFLED uneasily and wished they were already ashore. On the beach there would be a chance to fight back but on the transport's cluttered deck, steaming in enemy waters under enemy skies, they felt like fish in a barrel, easy marks for any Jap flier or submariner. And if this opening act of the New Georgia Campaign riled the Nips the way Guadalcanal had, the show would be rough. Only six miles away across Blanche Channel lay the Jap airstrip at Munda, badly battered but perhaps still effective as a staging point. Twenty miles to the northwest was another field, Vila, tattered but dangerous. In and near southern Bougainville perched Kahili and Ballale air bases, both active and unattractive. The Marines strained their eyes beyond the bow at the menacing slopes of Rendova Island dimly outlined in the diffused light of a cloudy dawn and wondered how many air raids they'd endure before hitting the beach.

The expected air raids never came on that last day of June, 1943 and for that omission the Marines owed thanks to a colossal bust on the part of the Japanese high command which made it physically impossible for prompt air or sea action against invaders. The blunder was as old as war. The Emperor's seagoing shoguns had made

a decision based on American intentions (as seen through slant eyes) rather than American capabilities. This decision was a sedative which caught Japan's Eleventh Air Fleet asleep with its planes not only down but also out of the Solomons. The ingredients which compounded the sedative were over-confidence, defective intelligence and wishful thinking.

The New Georgia dose started brewing back in March of 1943 when U. S. Army bombers of the Southwest Pacific used the new skip-bombing technique to sink all nine transports and four destroyers of a sixteen-ship convoy which the Japs were trying to push through to New Guinea. This slaughter, well advertised as the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, convinced the Imperial General Staff that two things had to be done in the Bismarcks-Solmons to stave off defeat. First, enemy air power must be knocked out decisively and second, the same treatment given the New Guinea convoy must be administered to Allied shipping. Accordingly, they drafted a plan for a massive aerial offensive, the "I" Operation.

To direct the effort the Commander Combined Fleet, Adm Yamamoto himself, flew down to Rabaul and set up shop. He quickly made clear that for once the Army and Navy would devote less time to fighting amongst themDuring the four months preceding the New Georgia invasion, the Japanese conducted one of the oddest campaigns of all times. It all came from Adm Koga's attempts to deduce American intentions as opposed to capabilities — a fatal mistake

selves and more to fighting the enemy. He called in the elite of Japan's "eagles," the carrier pilots of the Fleet. In early April, as a consequence of Yamamoto's preparations, startled American photo interpreters counted planes by the hundreds on fields around Rabaul and Bougainville. Actually Yamamoto had 682 aircraft, more than half of them fighters, the others largely bomber types.

On 7 April he opened his air blitz with a 200-plane strike on Guadalcanal shipping, the most gigantic raid since Pearl Harbor. Yamamoto's morning reconnaissance plane had reported four cruisers, eight destroyers and 14 transports in and around Ironbottom Sound—not a bad estimate. Unfortunately for him, Australian coastwatchers on Bougainville passed in an early warning and many of the ships, including three cruisers, hauled clear to the east. Even so there remained a good three dozen vessels of corvette size or larger. The 71 "Val" dive bombers would have good pickings while their escort, 117 "Zeke" fighters, worked over the intercepters.

₩ WHEN THE JAPS arrived over Savo Island there were 76 fighters scrambled, including P-38 Lightnings and the new Marine F4U Corsairs. The ensuing scrap was a real Donnybrook. Guadalcanal hadn't seen such sport since the rowdy days of '42. The sky was alive with dogfights, vapor trails, plummeting planes, flak bursts, machine-gun tracers, parachutes-Hollywood couldn't have done better. On the water, destroyers, tankers, landing craft, tugs, minesweepers, PT-boats, tenders, and cargo ships boomed and rattled with the clamor of heavy and light anti-aircraft. This was the day that Capt James E. Swett, USMC, hung up a new record by splashing seven enemy planes. Total Jap losses were somewhere between the 39 we claimed and the 21 the enemy admitted. Our losses were only one destroyer, one tanker, and one corvette-a far cry from Pearl Harbor!

Yamamoto now turned his fury against New Guinea and in three all-out raids totalling 456 planes barely managed to sink three merchant ships and at a cost of 21 Japanese aircraft. That ended the "I" Operation.

The significance of these assaults lies in the comparison of Japanese claims with actual American losses. Yamamoto thought he'd disposed of one cruiser, two destroyers, 25 transports and 175 planes. In truth, we had lost but six ships and 12 planes. The wild over-estimates of Japanese airmen gave the high command dangerously incorrect views. They assumed that the "Zeke" fighter was still number one—actually both plane and pilot were out-

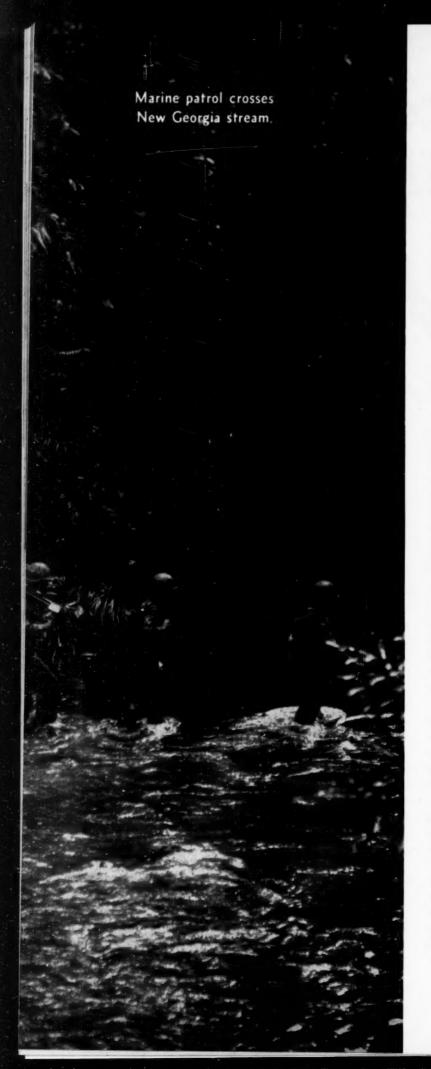
classed. They concluded they'd put a terrible crimp in American supply lines— in reality their efforts were picayune.

Adm Yamamoto never did learn what a fizzle the "I" Operation was. On 18 April, American fighters intercepted his plane over southern Bougainville and sent it crashing into the jungle. The Admiral and most of his staff perished. This was a stroke of ill fortune for the Emperor. Yamamoto was no fool and if he had lived might not have let his thinking fall into the pitfalls which were to permit the Marines and soldiers to disembark unopposed at Rendova. The new commander in chief, Adm Mineichi Koga, lacked the military perspicacity of his predecessor and was also a stranger in the South Pacific.

*KOGA READILY ACCEPTED the false score of the "I" Operation, which strengthened his belief in the superiority of the Japanese air force. Acting on that belief he beefed up air strength in the Solomons intending to "entice small enemy planes into combat for aerial supremacy." American pilots needed no urging for this sort of seduction but the results of the bouts were exactly 180 degrees from what the Jap intended. Twenty-five "Zekes" in mid-May "coaxed" 102 American fighters into battle over the Russell Islands. Two-thirds of the Jap planes fell as against five American aircraft (three pilots rescued). Yet surviving Jap fliers bragged of a spectacular victory. In the first fortnight of June these coy tactics really boomeranged. An 81-plane raid tangled with 110 Allied planes which splashed 24 "Zekes" at the cost of 7 defenders. Again Koga celebrated a victory in the specious belief that his fliers had knocked down 41 enemy planes. A few days later his gang ran into another aerial meat grinder-score 26 to 6 in American favor. Koga claimed 33 American scalps.

Meanwhile the Eleventh Air Fleet inaugurated a bomber offensive. At night twin-engine "Bettys" made runs over Guadalcanal and the exasperated inhabitants claimed that Washing Machine Charlie had become "an entire steam laundry." But it was the Japs who were taken to the cleaners. P-38 Lightnings flashed through the night striking down the "Bettys" regularly, and operational losses, always a large expense for the Japs, cost them

Comdr Shaw, Naval Academy '36, was on Atlanta when she was sunk at Guadalcanal and later on Bunker Hill, a kamikaze victim.



more planes. Damage inflicted on Guadalcanal shore installations was far less than Koga could reasonably expect.

The bombers also tried to hammer our shipping. They made several abortive attacks on convoys steaming in the lower Solomons but only one ship, PT-tender Niagara, was hit. Then on 16 June Koga tossed into the Guadalcanal arena two-dozen "Vals" covered by 70 "Zekes." This time American claims were a bit on the fanciful side—the tote board credited our pilots with more planes than actually participated! But as usual, Jap claims were astonishing. At least one Nipponese Ananias staggered home with a tale that six transports and a destroyer had been added to the hulks on Ironbottom Sound. Wrong again! LST 340 and cargo ship Celano were the only victims and their crews beached them off Lunga where they were later salvaged.

THERE IS evidence that the enemy high command entertained some suspicion of the pilots' veracity. They knew perfectly well that even an honest report from a flier in combat was subject to duplication and misinterpretation-a destroyer can be mistaken for a cruiser, a near miss for a hit. But they ardently wanted to believe the preposterous scores and so the only remedial step taken was to ask coastwatchers to confirm sinkings, a highly impracticable request since there were no Jap coastwatchers in the vicinity of these actions. They never adopted the American system of checking pilot reports with photographs taken both during and after action. For instance, the Intelligence Section of ComAirSoPac (RAdm A. W. Fitch) kept a daily tally of shipping and air strength in this fashion, not only to measure attrition, but also to estimate enemy capabilities. There was one other factor contributing to the bewitchment of Adm Koga. This was the Oriental desire to save face. Each little Nip hated to come home empty-handed. A Samurai failing? It must never happen. So there were Banzais for many a pilot whose victory was a mental mirage.

Thus during the four months preceding the New Georgia invasion the Japanese conducted one of the oddest campaigns of all time. The accomplishments against gathering American sea and air power were practically nil. In fact, Adm Halsey and other American leaders were puzzled by these suicidal and profitless ventures and frequently tried to see some devilish and ulterior purpose behind them. If the Japs had but known the truth, they could have altered tactics, improved their aircraft and conserved strength against future Allied action.

In late June, Koga and staff almost redeemed themselves. Preparatory to the New Georgia landings, the Americans sent reconnaissance parties into Rendova and northern New Georgia and also landed two companies of the 4th Marine Raiders at Segi Point to secure the southern tip of New Georgia. MajGen Sasaki, ground force commander at Munda, reported these movements and Koga took them as a portent of invasion. The findings of Japanese search planes also put him on the right track. Every day they tracked convoys and observed flights of planes all headed for Guadalcanal and the Russells. Surely this meant a gathering of assault forces. Finally, his radio intelligence, based presumably on both volume of traffic and cryptanalysis, indicated that the Americans were planning something big. To counter the expected blow Koga brought heavy air reinforcements into the Northern Solomons, alerted troops in the Central Solomons and augmented his air searchers.

BUT ALL OF THIS was in contradiction to his conclusion that American strength had been drained by the long air offensive. Thus in the last four days of June when enemy ship movements slackened, he quickly reversed his estimate and made a new one that fitted his distorted picture nicely. The Americans weren't planning an offensive after all. In reality, Koga thought, they were only reinforcing the battered Guadalcanal outpost. It never occurred to him that the slow-down of transport movements was merely the lull before the storm, with the Americans deployed at their last staging points, quiescent only because they were waiting. Practically on the eve of the American landings he rescinded his alert and withdrew the bulk of his planes to Rabaul where they would be less vulnerable to bombing attacks. One cruiser, eight destrovers and eight submarines were the total floating navy in the Bismarcks-Solomons area but the Jap leader now dismissed the thought of augmenting this meagre force.

On the night of 29-30 June, Japanese submarine DR-103 on routine patrol southeast of the New Georgia Group, sighted the gray silhouettes of seven strange ships sliding through moonless darkness toward New Georgia. Headquarters ought to know about this! A radio message crackled out to Truk and Rabaul. But the damage was already done. Koga's obliging withdrawal would give the Americans practically clear skies during those crucial hours of disembarking.

VMF-221, one of the first fighter outfits to fly combat air patrol over the transports the morning of the 30th, didn't sight a single Japanese plane. Meanwhile the only opposition to Adm Turner's ships came from Gen Sasaki's shore batteries on Munda. Sasaki was caught as badly off balance as Koga. He had expected a frontal assault on Munda, not this flank landing on Rendova, and so he was "completely baffled." All he could do was lob shells at the screening destroyers. He hit Gwin and did a little damage but the transports were out of reach behind a smokescreen. On Rendova itself there were only 240 Japs; these were either killed or chased into the hills. The only persistent enemy was the mud but even that didn't stop the flow of supplies from ship to shore—including a load of window screens and plastic toilet seats





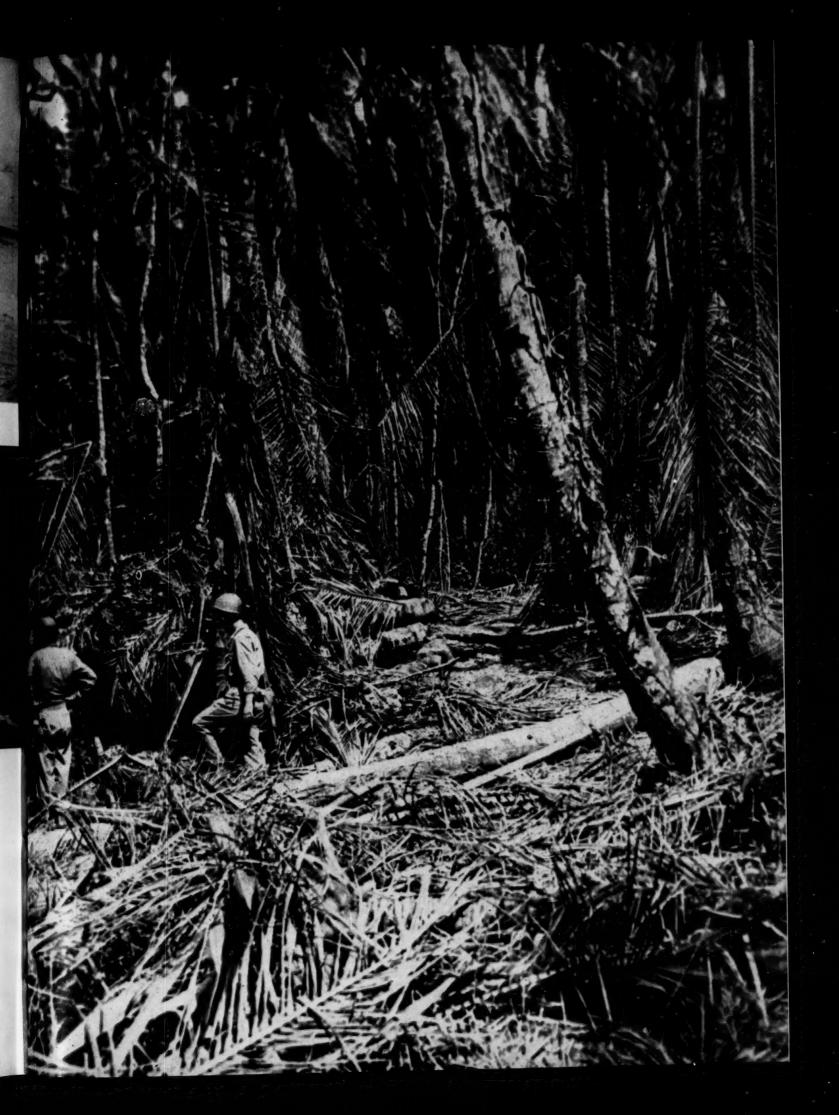
An assault group of amphibian tanks hit the beach as Marines invade the island of New Georgia in the South Pacific.



Jap fuel dump goes up in smoke after direct hit by 1,000 lb. bomb.



A closeup aerial view of Viru Harbor, New Georgia Island





Capt James E. Swett hung up a new record by splashing seven enemy planes over Savo Island during Jap raid.

which some quartermaster fresh out from the States had insisted on bringing.

There was a brief air alert in mid-morning, probably caused by an enemy snooper. Nobody saw him but unloading was delayed an hour while the transports milled about in the channel in defensive formation. The Japs fumbled all that morning and it was 1115 before they were able to get a strike over RAdm R. K. Turner's transports and then it was only a 27-plane fighter sweep which our fighters promptly chewed up. Despite interruptions Turner's men broke all records in unloading that day and were through by 1500. Even Gen Sasaki, watching unhappily from Munda, called the speed "miraculous."

UP IN RABAUL Japanese ground crews had sweated out the morning grooming 25 "Betty" torpedo bombers for a strike against the transports. But not until past noon did these take off, escorted by two dozen "Zekes" staged through Bougainville. And not until Turner was a half hour along on his retirement course did they sweep around Rendova and let down over Blanche Channel. They wasted vital time hunting for the transports, minutes during which VMF-221, back over New Georgia for the third time that day, harried them without mercy. Corsair machine guns and ship antiaircraft mutilated 17 of the attackers. The Japs made but one hit, a torpedo in Turner's flagship McCawley. Ninety minutes later eight "Vals"-all that Kusaka could muster-darted out of the overcast for a final and ineffective stab at the stricken flagship. McCawley was abandoned at nightfall and shortly thereafter sunk by two torpedoes probably from American PT boats. But all this was anti-climax. While the McCawley suffered her death agonies, artillery on Rendova was already slinging shells across Blanche Channel at Munda. The invasion force, well supplied with beans and bullets, was as firmly glued to Rendova as an ovster to a rock.

There was one other anti-climax, an abortive raid that

night by five destroyers aiming for Rendova. Bad weather stoped them but if they had broken through they'd have found no ships and could have done no significant damage to the Rendova garrison whose supplies were already dispersed.

The Imperial General Staff read the communiques from the Solomons with dismay. Belatedly, they declared the island a decisive battle ground and threw in sizeable sea, air and ground forces. There followed some ding-dong battles but the time for decision had passed. Our men were in the Central Solomons for keeps.

ARE THERE any extenuating circumstances in the case we have built against Koga? Perhaps so. Increased tempo of our offensive in the Aleutians including the landings on Attu had alarmed the Japanese for the safety of their homeland. As a result, the South Pacific had been robbed of both sea and air power to meet the possible threat against the Kuriles, and Koga faced to the north giving only occasional backward glances to the Solomons. The New Guinea situation likewise distracted the Admiral, and with reason, since on this same 30th of June Allied Southwest Pacific forces landed on Woodlark and Kiriwina Islands and at Nassau Bay south of Salamaua. American air and surface raids against Solomon's bases also curtailed Japanese freedom of action. Munda and Vila were reeling from the day by day visitations of light bombers and strafing fighters. Bougainville bases got their quota of high explosives from heavy bombers based on both Guadalcanal and the Southwest Pacific. Cruiserdestroyer bombardment teams held frequent target practices against Munda and Vila, and on the eve of the landings a force under RAdm A. S. Merrill steamed up to the south coast of Bougainville and lambasted the island of Ballale, a key air base. Our fighter strength was also a factor. Intercepting flights of over a hundred planes were not uncommon and on the 30th of June our fighters knocked down practically everything the Japs sent aloft.

However, none of these conditions excuses the decision of the Japs to withdraw strength from a critical area at a crucial time. The "I" Operation in April had flaunted 682 planes under the Southern Cross. Despite losses Koga could still have rounded up at least that number in late June.

In a popular American magazine before the war, appeared a picture of a Japanese military attache attending a national air show. His natty attire included a camera and he typified the world view of the Japanese as super spies and intelligence experts. Where were these fancy sleuths when Koga made his decision? In order to assess enemy capabilities, Koga should have either verified or rejected the high-blown claims of his flying Bushido boys. Let us hope no American leader ever takes the easy way out and neglects to ascertain what his opponent is capable of doing.

Joe Blow — Morale Builder

THE PROBLEM OF MORALE IN A UNIT IS A VARIABLE FACTOR dependent upon a host of contingencies and conditions ranging from the quality of the water supply to the amorous inclinations or disinclinations of the local belles.

Somewhere between these two extremes lies the sensible equation for good morale employing the tenets of good public relations. These can be briefly expressed by the following formula:

The Marine plus his community plus the commodity he represents (sells) equals better morale.

Better morale is obtained in many ways, but the purpose of this article is narrowed into one particular channel of thought: the "Joe Blow" story as a morale builder.

Although this discussion is canalized, it is not intended to leave the impression that the method employed here is all inclusive. It is intended, however, to prepare the reader to realize the full importance of this medium of building morale.

A formula is of little use if it is not thoroughly explained to the user; therefore in explaining the compound which equals good morale we expound:

The Marine

The Marine is the unit upon which the Corps is built. Though the individual private may be the smallest cog in the machine he is an indispensable cog. It is necessary that the morale of the individual be kept to the point where if his duty should become particularly rigorous for a period he will continue to do his job in an efficient manner in spite of his dislike of that particular phase of duty.

The food the Marine eats, the quartering conditions he endures or luxuriates in, the duty he stands, and his use of his off hours are all factors under the Marine of our equation. No one is so optimistically inclined, or so naive, to believe that any living organism is kept supremely happy without variation in intensity 24 hours a day.



It is necessary, however, that some happy medium be found.

So much for the individual cog; now the community. How does that fit in?

His Community

His community has reference to both the individual's home town and the community where he has his duty. The Marine must feel that he is part of, and belongs to, the community in which his duty location stands. He must be a respected member of that community, and he must also feel that the people in his home town respect him because he is a Marine.

The Commodity He Represents

The third factor on the left hand side of the equation is the commodity. This is easy to define as the Marine Corps. As the Marine steps out of the gate liberty bound, or checks into his home town on leave, he is looked upon as a representative of the Corps. Therefore his every act of commission or omission is looked upon by the public direct from the Commandant.

So, we have explained the three parts of the equation on the left hand side—the Marine, his community, and the commodity he represents. Now that we have explained the formula, and before we go into the relationship of the "Joe Blow" story to the formula, let us define the "JB" story.

The "loe Blow" Story

The "Joe Blow" story is nothing more than an article written for publication about an individual Marine. It

By 2dLt Karl D. Morrison

and MSgt F. T. Stolley

may be written for the press of the command locale, or for release to the home town newspaper of the man concerned. It may consist of a few lines, as for a man reporting in to a new duty station, or it may be a special feature story with pictures for some outstanding performance or act by the Marine.

How It Affects the Marine

The Marine like any other human individual enjoys seeing his name in print. Regardless of the protestations of salty second cruisers that they "don't want any 'publicity,'" you will find them snipping industriously in the privacy of their quarters should their name or picture appear in print.

It raises a man's morale inestimably to have his buddies, his friends at home, and his relatives learn of his activities in the Marine Corps. The Yogi may find satisfaction in the contemplation of his navel, but an American likes the roar of the crowd.

A man who enlisted in the Marine Corps for travel and adventure (believe it or not, 75% still do) and who finds himself doing twelve-to-four watches in the boondocks may begin to question the pattern of it all after several months of the routine. A 10-line article in his home town newspaper telling the folks back home of his duty will make him see the situation in a different light.

The "Joe Blow" and the Community

What is the correlation between the community and the "Joe Blow" story? Mainly it seeks to place the Marine in his proper position both as a citizen and a member of our armed forces. This applies to his home town as well as the community in which his duty station is located.

For example in explaining the effect of a "JB" story on a community let us take the recent case of the graduation class of the Marine Corps Sea School at Portsmouth, Va. In processing the class for "JB" stories for hometown newspapers it was found that one of the students played the bagpipes, and was quite an authority on the history of them. The local press was interested enough in the item to run a picture and a feature story on the versatile Marine.

In the course of the article quite a few facts regarding Sea School were brought out, and many members of the community who knew nothing of the school before were made aware of its presence in the community.

Where before the remark, "Oh look—a Marine in dress blues," might give rise to the remark, "yeah, the big show off," after the article was published the same remark was answered with, "Oh yes, probably one of the Sea School students at the Navy Yard."

The case of the bagpipe-playing Marine displayed to the people of Portsmouth, as well as to the people in the





hometown of the bagpiper, that the Marine has other talents than just being a member of the armed forces. By making the people of the community take a new and kindlier view of the individual Marine, it made the town a better liberty spot, thus helping the morale of the command.

The Commodity and the "Joe Blow"

Our last factor in the formula is the commodity we represent (sell). We will show the effect of the reputation of the commodity (the Marine Corps) upon the salesman (the individual Marine) and how it affects morale.

The commodity sold, whether it be brushes or insurance, is the instrument of being of the salesman and the raison d' etre of his existence.

The public, who receive the product and buy it, must be satisfied with the product or soon sales will drop to a new low ebb, and the old law of supply and demand will sink the commodity into a sea of bankruptcy.

What the Marine sells has been before the public's eye since before the founding of our country. From time to time this commodity has reached a high premium as during wars in which the Marines distinguished themselves.

Although today is an era of "peace," basically, the commodity we sell is still protection. We must therefore maintain a good name for our product, in order to instill pride in the individual in being a member of the organization.

If the organization has a good reputation, the man will wear the uniform of that organization with pride, and be proud to be a member of it. Therefore it follows, in order to have a Marine proud of his organization, we must publicize the good deeds of that organization. Here is where the "Joe Blow" stories come in.

The "Joe Blow" stories help spread the word about the Corps. Some of them may be picked up by wire services or other news agencies and reach all over the United States. Others may reach only a section or a community, but they too do their work—they spread the word, "The Marines are still on the job." They keep the reputation of the product good, the Marine is proud to represent his product, and we have another component of good morale.

How You Can Help

We have shown you the effect of the "Joe Blow" story on the Marine, his community, and the commodity he represents, and how the combination of these factors can help build and maintain morale. Now here is where you fit into the picture. Public information personnel are spread over the Marine Corps in a thin line and there are not enough of them to give coverage on personal stories in every unit. PI personnel assigned to full time work in the field are more than willing to cooperate, but they need assistance in obtaining leads on stories.

The following proposals, if carried out, will increase the number of personal stories published about Marines, and help solve our basic formula on morale.

If You Are A Commanding Officer

If there is not a full-time PIO or PI section assigned to your unit assign an additional duty PIO. Give this officer full cooperation and see that he is informed of coming events of importance.

If You Are An Additional Duty Public Information Officer

Contact your nearest full-time PIO and arrange liaison with him.

Get to know all key Staff NCOs and unit commanders in your organization circulate!

Interest one or more men of the barracks in reporting for you. It is not necessary that these reporters write stories. If they can report accurate details you in turn can forward the information to the PIO who will arrange to have it rewritten in accepted news style.

Make certain all items given you are promptly handled and are not given the circular file treatment.

When results are forthcoming (newspaper clippings, etc.) post them on a bulletin board where they can be seen by all hands.

All Others

Know your PIO, or additional duty PIO. See that he is informed of all promotions, marriages, athletic events and accomplishments of individuals, and any special aptitudes of the men.

We believe it necessary, that in order to maintain morale at the peak, which in turn will effect the efficiency of the entire Marine Corps, that the individual obtains proper recognition of his worth to his community and country as a Marine. It should be constantly borne in mind that the "Joe Blow" story may affect every man in the military service from the top ranking general to the lowest junior private.

Work with your public information representative when he comes seeking information and remember, the "Joe Blow" story is a morale builder.

US PMC

SPEAKING FOR MYSELF.



MARK TWAIN ONCE SAID, "EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it!"

Twain could just as well have said that no one does anything about a lot of the more common things, things that we look upon as someone else's job—not ours.

How often have you been part of a group engrossed in conversation and heard one of the members say, "they ought to do so-and-so"? For quite some time I have been hearing this phrase kicked around and it has been driven home that the word "they" means me. Actually, "they" means all of us. And some of us have been doing quite a bit of complaining about what "they" are doing to us. For example:

"They have me doing a corporal's job while I am a staff NCO."

Or perhaps this is the current cry of woe:

"They certainly are fouled up."

And of course you'll always hear:

"They haven't got any discipline, morale, or military courtesy in this outfit."

There are any number of illustrations of how "they" are failing in every department, but let's just analyze the above statements.

In regard to the first indictment, perhaps the reason that you are doing a corporal's job is because the corporal who is supposed to do it doesn't know how. The reason he doesn't is because you have failed in your responsibility to teach him.

When the "old man" makes a canvass of the company or battalion to get one of his subordinates, officer or NCO, to give a lecture on the nomenclature, assembly, and disassembly of the U. S. Rifle, Cal. .30, M-1, and receives the apologetic reply, "I'm not quite sure of that subject, sir," that organization is sadly lacking in capable leaders. No wonder there are so many of us doing a corporal's job.

If you want to do a job commensurate with your rank, you must not only learn your own job but teach the corporal his—and see that he learns it.

Now we come to "they certainly are fouled up."

Here we are again. Looking into the mirror and thumbing our noses at ourselves.

Let's take a simple example. The platoon is out for close order drill. The platoon commander gives the command "Right face, close, MARCH," and looks bewildered as the first and second squads do right step toward the right flank element.

"No, no," he screams. "What are you men doing? The center squad stands fast and the right and left flank squads close inboard."

The troops chorus in unison: "SSgt Btflsk told us at school yesterday that this is the way it is done."

"Well, he's all wet. I have just told you how it is done," announces Lt Snafu.

The troops think what a dope is SSgt Btflsk.

Now let's take a look at the weekly training schedule for Xray company, posted in a conspicuous place on the company bulletin board:

Sat 4 Jun 0800-0900 Drill for Foot Troops Company Area Lt Snafu FM 22-5 Ch 8 Sec II Para 118-152.

SSgt Btflsk dropped into the company office and borrowed the company commander's copy of FM 22-5, complete with all the latest changes entered into it; read it over and then the day before the scheduled instruction he passed the new dope on to the members of the platoon.

Lt Snafu knew he could remember close order drill. "Didn't I get my bellyful of that at The Basic School?" he said to himself; "Old stuff," and he promptly let the matter drop until drill time.

The change from the center squad to the right element as a base for the movement "Close, MARCH" was a recent one, but the lieutenant didn't know it. When he got out of The Basic School he "had it made"; no need to burn the midnight oil any longer; no need to strain your eyes trying to read the instructional manuals by the light thrown off by the blue standing lights in the head any longer; pack the manuals away in the box marked "Professional Books" and let the dust settle.

"Poor old Btflsk," muses the lieutenant, "A crackpot. Wears his hair cut short; hat square on his head. Just like an old line Prussian Guard. Whatta character."

After the hour of drill for foot troops, the platoon has an inspection of equipment on the bunk. The equipment has been laid out as specified by the charts currently in

Boy! Are you fouled up!



use. All hands have their equipment laid out just that way, with the exception of one bunk. Lt Snafu has a model bunk down here with the equipment laid out just the way it was at The Basic School (he thinks), which is much better than the method currently in use (he thinks). His platoon will do it this way. He might just as well fold that NAVMC chart up into a nice neat wad and use it to put under the short leg of the mess hall table on the afternoons that the mess has soup. At least that way some use will be made of that chart.

Had Lt Snafu followed the directions set forth in the weekly training schedule, and brushed up on the prescribed method of laying out equipment on the bunk for inspection, he would have retained the respect of his subordinates and helped them to retain the respect of the men. Snafu missed one important point; responsibility works in both directions on the command ladder—up and down. Because of his sublime confidence in himself and in his memory, he has conveyed to his men the idea that their outfit is all fouled up.

If directives are written in clear and concise language, and complied with when received, the chances for an



What'd I tell you about respect to seniors!"

outfit to get fouled up are certainly decreased.

And now for the third complaint.

The discipline, morale, and military courtesy of any organization is dependent entirely on the officers and noncommissioned officers within the organization. If the officers are lax in discipline, neatness, military bearing, and courtesy, the NCOs will follow suit. If the morale of the officers is low and they gripe to the NCOs then the morale of the NCOs is likewise affected. If the little exercises of military courtesy are not exacted from privates to master sergeant alike, there is no courtesy shown from senior to junior.

I have seen countless officers allow master sergeants to pass without rendering the proper military courtesy merely because the sergeant was "an old timer" in comparison to the officer. That is no excuse. By the same token, many master sergeants, technical sergeants, staff sergeants, and sergeants and corporals have ignored the fact that they have official titles and should be addressed by them by seniors as well as subordinate enlisted men. True, revised FM 22-5 states: "Except when in the presence of troops, senior officers frequently address juniors as 'Smith' or 'Jones,' but this does not give the junior the privilege of addressing the senior in any other way than by his proper title. . . ."

The paragraph preceding the one just quoted states: "In conversations . . . military personnel are addressed as follows:" and then proceeds to give the official titles of military personnel from general officers to private.

Speaking for myself, I believe that the organization that is well disciplined has no need to remind juniors that they address seniors (officers or enlisted) by their correct titles. Nor has the well disciplined organization any need to remind seniors to respect the titles conferred upon the juniors. Nothing irks me more than to hear a very junior enlisted man call an NCO by his last name without prefixing either "Corporal" or "Sergeant" to it. Or hearing an officer, no matter how senior or junior his rank, bellow for, or address, a noncommissioned officer in the Marine Corps by his last name without regard for his official title or the title of his office. Discipline is the strong right arm of the Corps just as the noncommissioned officer is its backbone.

If ANY organization is going to have discipline, courtesy, and good morale, the juniors and seniors are going to have to display a mutual respect for each other. Both juniors and seniors are members of a fighting team; they share the same desire to accomplish a mission; both are members of one of the oldest professions in the world—the art of bearing arms—soldiering; each is lost without the other. A junior can sometimes point the way to good leadership to a senior by a display of leadership qualities; i.e., initiative, force, enthusiasm, knowledge, and the other traits of character that make a good leader. The senior

is perpetually charged with the responsibility of being a good leader and setting an example for his subordinates to follow.

I believe that the officer or NCO who allows his temper to get the best of him is not the type of commander that can aptly be termed a leader. I have witnessed this type of leader growlingly call for a man and then "eat him out" in a loud belligerent tone in front of a roomful of his juniors. Whether he be commissioned or enlisted, it is like carving the heart right out of your organization. By the same token, the battalion

commander who is inconsistent with his punishments, who continually gives one man five days' bread and water for an offense for which another draws only a warning, is not helping the organization or himself. The first duty of each commander is to look after the health and welfare of his men. The importance of this duty is surpassed only by the mission of the organization; and then the two are so closely allied that the line of distinction is slight.

The youngsters in the Corps today have a fairly well-rounded knowledge of their "rights" but the knowledge of their responsibilities as leaders and the need for loyalty to their seniors and to their organization is practically nil. Taking the junior NCOs by the hand and guiding them through a complete tour of duty as a company duty NCO is not the way to instill confidence in their abilities. A man who is schooled in the proper technique of handling the duty on the company level usually does a fairly reasonable job the first time and when he gets relieved the following morning, he either gets a "well done" or some helpful constructive criticism from the first sergeant or the company commander. If a junior NCO is to be of any value to his organization, he has to be told, instructed if you will, what is expected of him; and this is not, repeat not, achieved by sarcasm or pointed remarks on his ability.

Feaking for Myself, I say that if an enlisted man is made an NCO, or an officer gets promoted from one comissioned rank to the next higher rank, he is presumed to be qualified; he enjoys the privilege of the added pay; he enjoys the title of his rank; and he enjoys (or should) the respect that goes with the title. Why, then, does he not also "enjoy" the responsibility? If a man is pro-



"Why should !? It's not on my end either!"

moted, why keep him performing the job with the same responsibility he had before he received the promotion? Why not raise him above that plane? What is the purpose of promoting a PFC to corporal if you are going to send him out as a member of a working party and not as the NCO-in-charge? That detail defeats the purpose of the rank. You certainly wouldn't have promoted him if you didn't think him capable of performing the duties of a corporal.

Quite a few of the more seasoned company grade officers and NCOs presume themselves to be qualified in certain military occupational specialties. To hear them talk you just know that Camp Tarfu in West Overshoe would certainly fold up if they were ever to suddenly decide to request a transfer to another activity or go out on "twenty" and rob the Corps of their knowledge and professional experience.

The solid, gold plated patriot who becomes the indispensable man is nothing more or less than a bunion on the feet of progress. When a man gets the idea that he's a "wheel," the "main cog" so to speak, of an organization it's time for him to take a few days' leave and see if the outfit folds up.

It's really funny how the Corps continues to run just as smoothly and efficiently as though it had never known you.

Actually, the organization in which the officers and men know and respect the capabilities of each other is the organization that runs smoothly under any circumstances; has the highest morale; the best discipline; and the best military courtesy on display at all times. This organization will have little, if any, blame to place on someone else.



Pictured above are Marines of the Civil War period, wearing uniforms similar to those worn at Harper's Ferry.

Colonel Lee and the Marines at Harper's Ferry

By A. Eric Bubeck

THE WORD WAS SPREADING FAST THAT NIGHT. RUMOR replaced fact, and the exaggeration of danger that comes with fear was racing coldly up and down the spines of the countrymen of Virginia. It was said that John Brown was in Harper's Ferry, had seized the federal arsenal there with all its guns, and had murdered those who opposed him.

At approximately 11:00 PM, Sunday night, October 16, 1859, Capt Brown's legion's stalked into the small Virginia town of Harper's Ferry (now in West Virginia) and set in motion his machinery of insurrection. Coming out of the hills from the direction of Kennedy's Farm, Brown's band seized the unsuspecting watchman at the federal arsenal's bridge across the Potomac, cut the lines of communication, and took possession of several points along the river. Six of Brown's insurgents under Capt Aaron C. Stevens—Brown's followers being organized militarily—proceeded to arrest the principal citizens of

the neighborhood and encourage all who would to join them.

The next afternoon Col Lewis W. Washington, great grandnephew of the first president, was forcibly taken from his home as a hostage, along with several other notables, and eventually imprisoned with his four servants and the others in the rear of the armory fire house. Armory workers were captured as they came into the town to work on Monday morning, not knowing of the capture of the town by John Brown. Gradually, however, as they learned what happened, townsmen began to gather, carrying what weapons they could find, and in the excitement of the alarm, the story was spread that the insurgents numbered anywhere from 50 to 500 or more men.¹

¹For hysteria concerning the numbers, see Jones to Caldwell, Baltimore and Ohio Telegram, Harper's Ferry, October 17, 1859; and Lee to Floyd, B. & O. Telegram, October 17, 1859, Copies can be located in the War Records Section, National Archives.

When John Brown seized the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry he threw the countryside into a panic. It remained for Lt Green and 87 Marines, under the direction of LtCol R. E. Lee, to solve a difficult problem with unusual tactics

These local militiamen exchanged fire with Brown's men during the course of the day and forced the abolitionists to fortify themselves in one building, the fire engine house of the armory. For some reason, Brown did not make a speedy getaway when he had the chance, and allowed the Baltimore and Ohio train, which he had stopped, to continue, giving the alarm to Washington. From a safe distance, the militia took occasional shots at the building as the unarmed and womenfolk watched, fascinated by the event that was to give Harper's Ferry its distinction. Several volunteer companies from various points in Virginia began to arrive as the news spread, given out by Baltimore and Ohio officials, who were nearly hysterical that their trains would be damaged and passengers killed.

THE POTOMAC was soon dotted with troops as Maryland militia maneuvered to prevent Brown's legions from invading that state. Governor Wise of Virginia called for the mobilization of an infantry and cavalry regiment, and personally accompanied the Richmond regiment to the scene of the debacle. The news having travelled to Washington via the B. & O. (at no extra cost), Secretary of War John B. Floyd ordered approximately 150 coast artillerymen dispatched from Fort Monroe, and commanded LtCol Robert E. Lee of later Civil War fame, then in Arlington, to command the troops converging on Harper's Ferry, and to assume responsibility for the protection of federal property, and the preservation of life. Secretary of Navy Isaac Toucey, in a message to the Colonel Commandant of Marines, John Harris, ordered all available Marines with appropriate officers to hasten by the Monday evening train to Harper's Ferry, and to carry ball cartridges, ammunition, rations, two twelvepound howitzers, and shrapnel.2

The marines were to report to the senior army officer present for service, or in absence of same, to expedite action to restore order. The Commandant called on 1stLt Israel Green who was officer of the day, and the only infantry officer at Marine Barracks, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, to lead the 86 marines available at the barracks. This group departed on the Monday, 3:20 P.M. train for Harper's Ferry, accompanied by Maj William W. Russell, Corps Paymaster.³

THE VENTURE into an unknown situation, the relief from a prolonged and dull barracks season, and the novelty of a train ride for the troops, promoted a feeling of high tension and enthusiasm among the marines. On arrival at Frederick Junction, Lt Green received a dispatch from Col Lee who made himself known in this way as the commander of the force in the vicinity.

By this directive, Lt Green took his troops to Sandy Hook, a small place about a mile from the captured arsenal. Col Lee arrived at 10 P.M. with Lt J. E. B. Stuart, of later cavalry fame. The marines formed outside their railroad car and marched to Harper's Ferry. entering the arsenal grounds through a back gate. About 11 P.M. Col Lee ordered the various volunteer units out of the grounds, giving space for the only regular troops at his disposal—the marines under Lt Green. The militia declined to make the assault of the fire engine house when Lee offered that opportunity, the refusal seeming to hang on the fact that fighting was what the professional soldiers got paid for and the militia were not to be lost under these circumstances. Besides, by this time, a large number of the volunteer soldiers had become intoxicated, were shouting and shooting wildly, and many were beyond control of their officers. It is not known how many of the injured were a result of this lack of discipline but most sources indicate that the percentage was high.

The Marines were instructed to see that no insurgents escaped during the night; it seems that one or two men earlier got away, possibly leaving without permission of John Brown. Col Lee employed an amazing calm at a time when rumor had magnified the number of the fortified enemy, at a time when stories of pillage, rape, and murder were racing up and down the streets of the town, and strange soldiers, brandishing military power, showed an unfamiliarity with rifles. Lee reflected carefully on the bulwark confronting him, and decided, accurately, that a small force would be more useful than a larger, less mobile and unwieldy body of men. While Brown and his men remained quiet through the night, Lee devised his assault plan and his technique for proposing sur-

²Secty of Navy Toucey to Colonel Harris, Marine Commandant, October 17, 1859, Commandant's 1858-59 Letterbook, Navy Records Section, National Archives.

³Harris to Green, Commandant's Letterbook, 1858-59, October 17, 1859, Navy Records Section, National Archives.

⁴Col Lee arrived too late in Washington to accompany the Marines but went by special train to overtake them. Lee to Floyd, Baltimore and Ohio telegram, October 17, 1859, War Records Section, National Archives.

Mr Bubeck is a history professor at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania. A summer in Washington provided time for research for his first GAZETTE article.

render. Lt Green selected 12 marines for the attack and 12 to form his reserve, Maj Russell of the Marines advising on the operation.

THE PROBLEM was one of storming and entering the arsenal's fire engine house, a stone building about 30 x 35 feet, with two large doors in front—separated by a stone abutment. Two old-fashioned fire engines with a horse-drawn cart and reel stood inside, though this was not known at the time, and it was from this protection of the carts that the fire was coming from Brown's followers. The double-heavy doors of the engine house were strongly constructed, and fashioned with wrought iron nails. How to kill or capture the insurgents without injuring the hostages they held presented a serious difficulty to the federal

troops; it was realized that cautious movement would be necessary to carry out the assault objective. Accordingly, Col Lee issued the following message for the insurgents, which Lt J. E. B. Stuart under a flag of truce read loudly to the insurgents from an advanced position.

Col Lee, U.S.A., commanding the troops sent by the President of the U.S. to suppress the insurrection at this place, demands the surrender of the persons in the Armory building.

If they will peaceably surrender themselves and restore the pillaged property, they shall be kept in safety to await the orders of the President.





Col Lee represents to them in all frankness that it is impossible for them to escape, that the Armory is surrounded on all sides by troops, and that if he is compelled to take them by force he cannot answer for their safety.⁵

About 2000 spectators watched intently as Stuart read the message that meant life or death to the insurrectionists. No counter-proposition was to be accepted and a pre-arranged signal was to be given by Lt Stuart of the Army to Lt Green of the Marines if Brown failed to comply with the instructions. Then Green would move swiftly to enter the building, the speed, it was hoped, saving the lives of the hostages. Meanwhile, the volunteer companies would parade up and down fixed lines in a display of force. Green watched anxiously from his position between the doors as Brown replied to the message by requesting liberty to leave the engine house, and to be allowed the start of crossing the bridge before chase would be begun. This was not acceptable to Lee, and Brown then became silent. Stuart gave the signal, a wave of his hat.

For Green immediately launched the attack. Three marines armed with sledge hammers, an infrequently-used battle weapon, moved closer and began to pound on the doors seeking to breach an entrance. After several blows

⁵Surrender ultimatum of Col Lee to the insurgents, Headquarters, Harper's Ferry, October 18, 1859, War Records Section, National Archives.

on the door failed to make an opening, the doors being tied on the inside and giving extra resistance with the hand brakes of the engines locked against them, it became clear some other effort would have to be made. Lt Green caught sight of a heavy ladder lying on the arsenal grounds, and directed his men to use this and batter in the door by ramming. The 12-man reserve covered the movements of the 12 attackers working close to the building. On the second blow of the ladder a jagged hole was breached low on the right door. Lt Green, crouching deeply, squeezed through the opening. Very likely, Brown had just emptied his carbine for as Green moved up between the two engines inside the house, he saw a man in firing position on one knee, pulling his carbine lever to reload. Col Lewis Washington, one of the hostages standing near the front of the building by the hose cart, pointed out the man as John Brown himself. Brown looked up but not quickly enough, for Lt Green was already bringing his uniform saber down hard on Brown's head. Since Brown was moving, the blow did not land full, though Brown received a saber cut in the back of his neck. Brown fell senseless on his side and as Green struck him again, he rolled flat on his back. The marine who followed Lt Green, Pvt Luke Quin, was shot in the abdomen and died of his wound later. As Brown fell, rolling over to his back, Lt Green gave him a short saber thrust in the left breast. Since the sword was a light uniform weapon and either had lost its point or struck something hard in Brown's accoutrement, the blade did not penetrate but bent double. By this time several marines were inside the engine house, bayoneted one man skulking under an engine, and pinned another insurgent up against the back wall-both insurgents being instantly





killed. Green then ordered his marines not to spill more blood. The other insurgents were at once arrested, and the contest ended. Smoke in the room made visibility difficult, but gradually huddled figures could be seen in the rear of the house. They were, of course, the hostages taken by the raiders, whose lives very likely were saved by the lightning attack of the marines.⁶

All of the prisoners except Col Washington were in a sorry condition, not having had any food for more than 60 hours, half-living in the constant dread of being killed, forced to stay in the corner where lay the body of one of Brown's sons and one or two other insurgents killed in the exchanges of fire. Col Lee watched what movements were in his line of sight from a slight elevation about 40 feet from the engine house. He wore no beard then, but stood distinguished with a dark mustache and greying hair. He carried no arms, and "treated the affair as one of no great consequence, which would be speedily settled by the Marines" according to Green. Far from being camouflaged, the Marines, including Maj Russell, wore bright blue uniforms, blue trousers, dark blue frock coats, French fatigue caps, and white belts. Col Lee was not in uniform. The array of color stealing through the engine house wall added pageantry to an affair already boundlessly exciting to several thousand on-lookers. Ever ready, the Marines once again served faithfully as guardians of the public and public property, as rifles of the republic, this time with a couple of sledge hammers, a saber, bayonets, and a ladder thrown in.

⁶Approximately 40 prisoners in all had been taken by Brown 10 being selected as the hostages, the remainder in another section of the house without a connecting door; Lee to Floyd, Baltimore and Ohio Telegram, October 18, 1859, War Records Section, National Archives.

How Would You Do It?

By Maj David E. Milotta, Inf, USA

day of the Sicilian Campaign the battalion I belonged to was counterattacked by the Germans supported by about 30 tanks. We took a terrific beating and some of the tanks broke through our battalion and a few advanced all the way to the beach.¹

During the fighting I was wounded but not so seriously that I wasn't able to walk back to the aid station.

As I was about to cross a road, a jeep came from around a bend on the right and proceeded toward a long bridge spanning a dry river bed about a mile down the road on the left. The area on both sides of the road between the bend and the bridge was flat and covered with vineyards and grain fields. This was about a mile in rear of our front-line positions.

Shortly after the jeep passed me, the first German Mark VI "Tiger" tank I ever saw came around the bend. It was travelling in the same direction as the jeep. I ducked low in the grape vines, but the tank wasn't interested in a foot soldier, or else its occupants never saw me. The Mark VI's 88mm gun started pointing to the jeep.

When the jeep driver heard the tank he looked over his shoulder and saw the dreaded German "Tiger" only about 500 yards away. The vine-yards and grain fields offered no cover for the jeep. The jeep driver got away from the tank without abandoning his jeep, but how did he do



it? Or, what would you have done if you had been the jeep driver?

HOW ONE SOLDIER DID IT

₩ WHEN THE JEEP driver realized the tank was a German "Tiger" and not our own, he immediately sped toward the bridge. As he approached the bridge, he turned off the road and drove down into the dry river bed and then under the bridge. This took but a few seconds and he got off the road before the tank could fire; the tank could not fire at him under the bridge. The tank drove onto the bridge and stopped. Then started a short period during which tank driver and jeep driver both sweated each other out. After waiting a few minutes for the jeep to come out from under the bridge, the tank drove on. When the tank was across the bridge and out of sight, the jeep came out from under the bridge and continued in its original direction. I have never figured out why the tankers didn't toss a few grenades over the side of the bridge down into the river bed where the jeep was, but probably they never thought of such action or they just didn't have any grenades.

The GAZETTE will pay \$25.00 for service-connected problems and their solution.

US # MC

¹This tank break-through at Gela, Sicily, was finally stopped by naval gunfire from one U. S. cruiser.

MESSAGE CENTER

continued from page 9

already have a blouse that hangs in our lockers, for inspection purposes it seems.

We also have our dress blues, which I believe to be the neatest and smartest looking uniform of any military service. But, they weren't made for cold weather and surely don't present a neat appearance with our present day overcoat of the 1917 vintage. Either give us an overcoat that can be worn with the blues or let us go back to our blouses which make us look twice as neat as any battle jacket.

L. P. DESCHENES, Cpl, USMC

More on Uniforms . . .

DEAR SIR:

In reference to the many arguments and opinions concerning the appearance of marines on liberty and the khaki jacket, I say let's get down to facts. First, there must be a jacket or coat, the reason for which I will state in a moment. Second, all enlisted marines are slopey while on liberty in service summer. At present, they can't help it!

I will go on record as stating, and will wager a modest sum, that the marine does not exist that can spend two hours on a normal liberty and remain neat in the present summer service uniform.

The solution? Simple, change the material or allow those marines with sufficient pride in their appearance to purchase and wear uniforms of worsted or a like material similar to that worn by officers. At present the coat is prescribed for all in service winter and for officers in service summer so why not for all enlisted too? This alone will eliminate the pregnant appearance of the Marine in the present jacket.

At the present time I am on duty in a large city, associating through the day with and, incidentally, appearing before the judging public constantly. Each day with a clean suit of khaki I leave the house, crowd behind the wheel of my car and travel to the office. In the office I am up and down at my desk all morning. At noon, with insufficient time to change to civilian clothing, I go to lunch and as a result represent the Marine Corps in clean but sloppy, wrinkled clothing. In a similar case I well recall my last tour of sea duty. As first sergeant I naturally associated with fellow members of the CPO Mess; on liberty they were neat in worsted or gaberdine uniforms and I sloppy as usual in Marine Corps khaki.

In closing let me give my reason for retaining the jacket or adopting a coat. I am a married man of 32 and often meet my wife downtown for dinner and, believe me, I would not want to enter nice restaurants or hotels in shirt sleeves. Would you? So let's get together and realize that many Marines would be proud of their uniforms if they had one to be proud of and more of them would wear it rather than civilian clothing.

WILLIAM J. NEILL, MSgt, USMC

Mortars and Smoke . . .

DEAR SIR:

I am in full agreement with LtCol Aplington's contention in his article *Mortars and Smoke* in the September GAZETTE as to the desirability of using screening smokes, and of adopting the 4.2" chemical mortar. I feel however, that the figures presented in his Tables I, II and III do not give a true picture of the screening capabilities of the various weapons.

More reliable figures, I believe, are to be found in Tables XVI, XVII, and XVIII of FM 3-5 "Characteristics and Employment of Ground Chemical Munitions." A comparison of the figures in Table XVI and those given by LtCol Aplington reveal that the 4.2" smoke munitions requirements will normally be considered greater than his figures indicate.

The article further compared mortar WP and artillery WP which does not present a true picture of present day screening capabilities. The newer and much more efficient HC, base ejection smoke shell, is now the standard screening munition for field artillery. It provides a much more satisfactory screen, with a smaller expenditure of ammunition than does the WP shell.

F. P. HENDERSON, LtCol, USMC

Deck Court . . .

DEAR SIR:

There is no indication in Naval Courts and Boards that a Deck Court Officer is a prosecutor. But even if he were I wonder if Maj Wilbern, the author of *Legal Insanity* has ever noted Section 30, NCB which quotes in part, "The primary duty of the lawyer engaged in public prosecution is not to convict but to see that justice is done. The suppression of facts or the secreting of witnesses capable of establishing the innocence of the accused is highly reprehensible."

The general and repeated implications motivated by the alleged human nature of "the will to win" can only be attained by conduct contrary to the latter provision of the aforementioned quote.

Not only is it possible that the general gist of such an article could be a valid objection to trial by Deck Court on grounds of prejudice should the Major preside as the Deck Court Officer but if he firmly believes what he states, then every "not guilty" case with resultant conviction which has ever been tried by him, should be subjected to another review.

HENRY A. CHECKLOU, 1stLt, USMC

Amphibious Mechanized Attack . . .

DEAR SIR:

As author of the somewhat controversial article Mechanization of the Amphibious Attack published in July and August issues of the GAZETTE, I feel constrained to take up my pen in rejoinder to LtCol Walt's letter appearing in the October issue taking sharp issue with the entire concept of the mechanized landing force. Are we indeed to concede—as LtCol Walt infers—that the amphibious attack will be applicable in the future only against lightly defended objectives? Are we to abandon our historic capability of meeting and repelling on the beaches anything and everything that the enemy can throw at us? If we are, let us fully realize the grave import of our decision: more than 90% of the past usefulness of the amphibious attack—and its entire capacity as a decisive instrument of warfare—will cease.

In the past our amphibious divisions have roared across the beaches to meet and defeat hostile divisions, corps, and such units as were deployed in anti-amphibious defense of our objectives. Is the Marine division now to be relegated to employment only against the enemy's light or minor units—companies, battalions, paratroopers, coastwatchers, and the like? Why must we thus go backward—Marines have always gone forward! Let us examine LtCol Walt's reasons why he thinks we must accept this atrophy of the amphibious attack, his reasons in bar of an alternatively expanded role through mechanization of the landing force.

I do not believe that LtCol Walt's assertions that the "infantry" landing force would be less vulnerable than the "armored" landing force to guided missiles, airburst artillery fires, etc., during the ship-to-shore movement—are at all supported by the real facts. Quite the contrary. Nor can I find any logic to support his assertion that shipping would have to be brought in closer to launch a mechanized landing assault than to launch an infantry landing assault.

LtCol Walt contends that shipping requirements for the mechanized landing attack would be prohibitive. However, no gigantic increase in shipping would be necessary. Most of the necessary shipping price was paid in World War II when shipping to transport sufficient amphibious vehicles to mount all assault during the over-reef beach approach was provided.

Generally, it is but necessary to develop amphibious combat vehicles which will be truly amphibious and be capable of employment, combat employment, on land—and to modify tactics to exploit this capability. In any event, any increase of shipping essential to landing force success is simply a price which must be paid. In consideration of the tremendous overall naval and air effort required to project the amphibious attack—and in realization that it all will avail nothing unless the landing force can successfully accomplish the ultimate consummation of the amphibious mission ashore—it is submitted that, as a matter of simple overall economy, the landing force must always be provided sufficient shipping to insure landing force success. The landing force has first—not last—claim on shipping.

LtCol Walt expresses concern that the mechanized landing force would constitute a duplication of mechanized Army units. This I am at a complete loss to understand, for there is quite obviously no more duplication in an "armored division-patterned" basic amphibious unit than there is in an "infantry division-patterned" basic amphibious unit, with which we are so familiar. Of course, there is actually no duplication in either. Landing force (Marine) units of whatever type are

specially trained and equipped for amphibious assault. It is amphibious specialization that prevents there from being duplication-and not whether the landing force is armed and equipped with armored weapons, foot infantry weapons, or bows and arrows that matters. It is the specialization in the amphibious that renders the charge of duplication unjustified; and, on that basis, there is patently far more amphibious specialization (and so far less duplication) in the fields of amphibious armored material and the tactics and techniques of employment of armored (mechanized) weapons in the amphibious assault than there is in amphibious infantry equipment and the tactics and techniques of its employment. Testimonial of this fact is the current controversy of whether or not it is practical to land armored equipment in the amphibious assault at all! All in all, this buncombe that amphibious infantry is not duplication, but that amphibious armor must be, is devoid of all foundation in fact, and seems to me to be just a little absurd.

We all freely concede that if the light-infantry landing force could in fact successfully execute the major—not minor—amphibious mission of tomorrow that it would be preferable to heavier landing forces. But, just how is the light-infantry landing force to meet and defeat major hostile defensive forces possessing great firepower and mobility derived from massed powerful armored weapons, a great weight of superb artillery and tactical air? There are a very few historical examples where this has been done in defense—but I know of none where this has ever been done in the offense.

I, for one, am in complete ignorance of what brand of military voodoo it is intended to employ to permit the light and the slow to defeat the powerful and the more mobile! But one thing I am certain of: that sublimely difficult problem will never be solved by any such too neat rationalizations as "not having to meet counterattacks head-on." Does anyone, really, believe that it is possible for a foot-infantry landing force to avoid head-on counterattack by hostile armored defending forces, or that the foot landing force can by "hide-and-seek" tactics, perhaps, side-step and attack hostile armor from the flank or rear?

If such a formula exists by which light-infantry can defeat the heavy mechanized (and that is the \$64 dollar question)—perhaps someone will demonstrate it to us in concrete fashion. But how long can we spend in groping for an answer which isn't to be found? LtCol Walt said one thing which I think we can well ponder: "We, in the Marine Corps, must face reality." I am in wholehearted agreement. Let us get on with the mechanization of the landing force and quit kidding ourselves!

A. J. STUART, LtCol, USMC

PS—Nor do I concede that there exists any limitation—in law or otherwise—upon either the number or nature of landing force weapons except the always all-important military criterion—success!

Passing in Review

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO MARINE READERS

Blue Yonder . . .

THE EAGLE IN THE EGG—Oliver La Farge. 333 pages, maps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50

Here indeed is a book that all military personnel might well take note of. Considering that this country appears to be embracing the air power ideology, the historical background and growth of one phase of the "wide blue yonder" concept, strategic air transport, is instructive and interesting.

Author La Farge has drawn on the extensive material collected while historian of the Air Transport Command and produced a creditable thesis on the trial and error growth of that organization. The egg is conceived during the latter part of 1941 and laid a few days after Pearl Harbor. The author carries the reader on exploratory flights over various air routes throughout the world. He begins with a few historical flights that would appear routine today yet were rather spectacular during the early phases of the war. The book, unlike several post-war histories, does not run a course of merely reporting the details in sequence, but rather the author has chosen to begin at the beginning several times and intermingle his reporting of the inauguration of ferry routes and subsequent growth of the Air Transport Command with numerous personalized, human-interest stories. Various special air transport projects such as the China air supply line from India, commonly known as the Hump Operation, the flying of President Roosevelt and party to the Yalta Conference, and coded airlift projects about which the general public knew little, are very skillfully reported. These various projects change the settings rapidly from scenes in North Africa to India, Far North and various Pacific islands. These scenes provide a backdrop for hatching of the egg and subsequent nourishing of the eaglet into a full-grown eagle of war. The description of the tremendous growth and massive accomplishments of this new method of conducting war is skillfully handled with minimum usage of boresome figures and statistics. The author is well equipped for this type reporting; the reader gains the impression that he is receiving an evewitness account of several spectacular flights and of interesting places all over the sprawling air routes of the world. Free usage, with due apologies by the author, of new slang and colloquialism developed in the last war enhances the portrayal of air transportation. The author

takes pains to explain various slang terms and code word usage in such a manner that non-military personnel will have little difficulty interpreting his work.

The writer has chosen this reporting media as a vehicle for an editorial in regard to military air transport. Evidently Oliver La Farge is a fervent disciple of unification and cannot refrain from preaching the unification gospel throughout the book. He weaves into the ATC history brief accounts of Naval Air Transport Service and Marine Air Transport Groups and leaves the impression that he is a champion for all military air transport. La Farge the reporter does an excellent job of describing a wartime operation which has not heretofore been placed on the glamour list. However, La Farge the editorial writer at times resorts to not-too-accurate hearsay to further his unification gospel.

The thesis is generously sprinkled with names of founders of ATC, which should be very interesting to those readers associated with that organization during the war. The author has apologized for being unable to cover all the material at his disposal. However, he manages to cover a great deal of it. He is particularly desirous of giving anyone associated with ATC due credit for his accomplishments. He editorializes on the brass, defends the failures, glamourizes the pilots, and occasionally has a good word for the GI. In fact, about the only thing La Farge holds a grudge against is the alleged near-sightedness of certain area commanders and the U. S. Navy.

The author's conclusions and final warnings regarding continuing need for military air transport are well taken. I am sure the reader, after reviewing the trial and error development of our military transport routes during World War II, will agree that this should not happen again.

More Atoms Split . . .

OPERATION SANDSTONE—Edited by Clarence H. White. 104 pages of pictures. Washington: Infantry Journal Press. \$3.50

Operation Sandstone is a pictorial history of the tremendous energy expended by Joint Task Force Seven in preparing the Marshall Islands for the latest and future atomic energy tests.

There is very little reading material in this book. The story of Joint Task Force Seven is summarized in less than two pages, and then the photographers take complete charge from there. Primarily it is a beautiful scrapbook for the 10,000 persons who comprised the task force. However, for those who did not work on the project it is a testimonial of the energy and equipment required to prepare one small proving ground for war's newest and most horrible weapon—the atom.

The book begins with a foreword by LtGen John E. Hull, who commanded the composite group taken from all armed forces and civilian industry. Pictures start with convergence of men and equipment on embarkation points and run through the processes of building a home for the force, planning the experiment, preparing the field, and, finally, another atomic blast.

The best feature of the entire book is the last eight pages which show both color and black and white pictures of the 1948 atomic explosion. The fireball in color is a fascinating scene.

A Story of Bataan . . .

BATAAN UNCENSORED—Colonel E. B. Miller. 399 pages, 11 Sketch Maps. Long Prairie, Minn.: The Hart Publications, Inc.

Col E. B. Miller commanded the 34th Tank Company of the Minnesota National Guard. On 10 February 1941 they were mobilized on their home station at Brainerd, Minn., and ordered to Fort Lewis, Washington to form the 194th Tank Battalion, GHQ. Col Miller, as commanding officer of the newly-formed 194th Tank Battalion, tells his story of the birth, life, and death of this same tank battalion and their subsequent sub-marginal existence as prisoners in the hands of the Japanese after the fall of the Philippines. The first part of Col Miller's story is replete to the point of tiresomeness with the vexations, stupidities, and inexplicable waywardness so typical of a democratic nation slowly stirring from a lethargy of two decades to prepare itself for war. The author is extremely critical of most of the regular Army officers with whom he comes in contact; he castigates the bulk of them without mercy and without too much judgment. He is fond of reminding his readers that he is a man of 31 years military service. Presumably he knows the form, yet he constantly expresses amazement, indignation, and disgust at the way the military system works when it is faced with the problem of expanding from a few hundred thousand to an eventual strength of well over seven million. One is left with the impression that Col Miller could have handled the induction of the National Guard units, at least, in a much better fashion than did the regular Army. Perhaps he could have done so at that, but there are good reasons to doubt it. For example, when, at Fort Lewis, he is ordered to select one of the tank companies for duty in Alaska with an independent task force, he says (pp. 21-22): ". . . Returning to our area I called the company commanders together and explained matters. . . I told them, frankly, that I was on the spot and it was absolutely

necessary for them to aid me in naming the company. Therefore, more or less, I left it up to the staff and the company commanders to decide who would go. They finally came out with Co. "B," the St. Joseph, Mo., company."

The 194th Tank Battalion is sent to reinforce the Philippines, arriving in Manila on September 26, 1941. Again the author expresses his amazed anger at the way things were being done on the brink of a great war. My sympathies were with him entirely in his efforts to obtain vitally-needed replacement parts for the tanks; in his marching and counter-marching at all hours in obedience to inexplicable orders from higher headquarters; in short, in all the petty harassments which the professional philosophically takes in his stride, but which are apt to drive the part-time soldier to a state bordering on distraction.

When war does come to the Philippines, on December 8, 1941, the 194th Tank Battalion sees a considerable amount of action which, taken at its face value, did much to sustain the campaign. Col Miller deals rather brusquely with some of the more prominent figures in this campaign from Gen MacArthur, to Gen Wainwright (for his failure to employ tanks in accordance with the doctrine of the Armored Force School), down to BrigGen Weaver who had been designated Tank Group Commander for the tank forces in the Philippines.

The retreat to Bataan and the final stand there is told through the eyes of the 194th Tank Battalion. It provides an excellent description of the trials and tribulations that are a part and parcel of fighting a delaying action to cover a retrograde movement. Everything is there: short rations, poor communications, orders issued and never received, bridges blown too soon, or bridges not blown at all—the old familiar cast is all there. It happened in the Battle of France, it happened in the Battle of the Philippines, and it will happen again in battles as yet unnamed.

With the fall of the Philippines and the story of Col Miller's fate as a Japanese prisoner of war, Bataan Uncensored gains a stature and a vivid descriptive power that heretofore seemed to have been missing. The grim story of the Death March from Bataan to Camp O'Donnell, the crowded ships transporting prisoners to Japan through areas dominated by American submarines and planes, the succession of Jap prison camps each a little worse than the one just left, is a sobering tale. Col Miller here writes with a frankness and even a naiveté that is wholly sincere. It is gratifying to note that he speaks repeatedly and admiringly of the esprit, the initiative, and the resourcefulness of the "prisoners from Wake and Guam."

The final chapters are devoted to a plea for a strong, unified military establishment and an America to whom "preparedness" is a real thing, rather than something to do, in a vague way, with the Boy Scouts. But there is a

strong parochial streak in Col Miller and he cannot resist giving a mild rocket to the Gray Board which, you may recall, recommended that the National Guard be brought completely under federal control in time of peace.

Bataan Uncensored is the forthright testimony of an honest, hard-headed, patriotic National Guardsman in World War II. The story of the fighting in the Philippines, from the point of view of one tank battalion, is recounted in detail. It tells more graphically than any account that has yet come to my attention of the wretched privations which are the daily lot of a prisoner of war. Many of Col Miller's criticisms are to be accepted with reserve, but no one can doubt his sincerity. Disregard some of the narrow-mindedness that occasionally pops up in certain parts of his story and read with careful attention the grim, confused, hopeless fight in the Philippines; live, in your imagination, the grinding, dull, semi-existence of a prisoner of war-these parts of Bataan Uncensored are recommended unreservedly to your attention. The other parts of the book with which this reviewer has found fault, (and they are fortunately in the minority), can be left to each individual reader's critical judgment.

Polish Army in World War II . . .

AN ARMY IN EXILE—LtGen Wladyslaw Anders, C.B 312 pages, maps, photographs, indexed. London and New York: Macmillan & Company.

On 1 September 1939, when the Germans moved against Poland, Wladyslaw Anders was in command of the Novogrodek Cavalry Brigade. By the month's end he was marching south towards Hungary in the hope that at least a part of his command might reach France to reform and fight again.

But they could not escape through the narrowing gap between the Red and Nazi forces. On 30 September, several-times wounded and alone except for his aide and a single trooper, Anders gave himself up to the Russians.

After a great deal of questioning by the NKVD and very little medical attention, Anders, having rejected the alternative of joining the Red Army, was imprisoned in an unheated cell in Lwow. On 29 February 1940 he was suddenly moved to Moscow's infamous Lubianka prison. His description corroborates other accounts of this eerie, silent place. (There is also a spine-chilling similarity to George Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four. At Lubianka black becomes white, and two plus two equals five.)

There were many "interrogations" but the education of Anders did not progress. He was transferred to But-yrki prison where methods were more direct: he was kept in solitary confinement with a powerful light constantly directed at his eyes, day and night. In September 1940 he was again, without explanation, returned to the Lubianka.

With the German invasion of the Soviet in summer,

1941, Russian treatment of Anders abruptly changed. He was courteously interviewed as to his wants, shaved and barbered for the first time in 20 months, and on the 4th of August was presented to Laurentia Beria, chief of the NKVD (now the MVD), and Merkulov, head of the less well-known but equally invidious NKGB. Everyone was most polite. Tea and cigarettes were served and Anders learned that a Polish Army was to be formed; a plebiscite had been held and 96 per cent of the Poles had voted Anders their commander. (This "plebiscite" Anders knew to be a Soviet fiction.)

He was comfortably housed, well-fed, and presented with a hand-picked (politically) staff of Polish officers. He gained permission to organize a corps of two divisions and a reserve regiment (although the Russians would have preferred to have fed the Poles, regiment by regiment, into the Red Army). But in spite of the vast number of Polish POWs and apparent Soviet sanction, Anders did not find it easy to fill his ranks. (There were, for instance, 15,000 Polish officers of whom he could find no trace. Later Anders learned that 11,000 of these were liquidated at Katyn.)

The political ramifications are too complex to be set down here; suffice it to say that after a winter which was Valley Forge many times magnified, Anders was allowed (largely because of British pressure) to evacuate Russia in the summer of 1942 for the more amenable climate (physically and politically) of Persia. In all, he was able to remove 115,000 Poles; this total however did not represent potential combat strength as it included many women, children, and aged. Indeed, it was only a small fraction of the million and a half Polish prisoners and deportees in Russia, half of whom were already assumed to be dead.

With British help and equipment, the II Polish Corps began to take shape. Several intact formations, including the 3d Carpathian Rifle Division, were added, and by the end of 1943 some Polish troops were already in Italy (transported in part by M/S Batory more recently in the news in connection with the Gerhardt Eisler affair). On 10 February 1944, Anders officially reported his Corps present to Gen Sir Oliver Leese, then commanding the British Eighth Army.

Initially, the II Polish Corps was assigned the relatively light task of maintaining communications between the British Eighth Army in the eastern sector and the American Fifth Army on the western side of the boot. In mid-April, this mission was turned over to the Italian Motorized Group and the Polish Corps was withdrawn for heavier work.

With the Germans still holding Monte Cassino and with other Allied forces still contained within the Anzio beachhead, a general offensive was planned to crack through the German defenses extending from Ortona on the Adriatic, over Monte Cassino, to Minturno on the Tyrrhenian Sea. Since January, Cassino had been successively assaulted by the Americans, French, British, New Zealanders, and Indians, but the Germans were still holding firm. Its taking was now assigned to the II Polish Corps.

The offensive began on 11 May. One week later, at 1020, 18 May, a patrol of the 12th Lancers raised the white and red flag of Poland over the ruins of the Benedictine monastery. Polish casualties for the assault were 860 dead, 2822 wounded, and 102 missing.

The Corps, reinforced with British elements, was then given a semi-independent operation in the Adriatic sector. This was largely a pursuit, culminating in the battle of Ancona, 17-18 July, casualties: 388 dead, 1762 wounded and missing.

The British had been concerned on how Anders intended to make good his battle looses. Anders had promised to capture his own replacements from the Poles pressed into the German service. This replacement system worked amazingly well.

The Polish Corps was next used in an attack against the Gothic Line beginning 19 August, including the battle of the Metauro, and ending on 2 September. Polish casualties were 3691 killed and wounded.

After the conference of the Big Three at Teheran and the unsupported rising of the Polish Underground in Warsaw it became increasingly apparent to the Poles fighting in Italy and France (the 1st Polish Armoured Division was with Montgomery) that the British and Americans either could not or would not block Russian ambitions in Poland. Meanwhile there was mountain fighting in Northern Italy. As 1944 ended, the casualties for this last campaign totalled 669 killed, 2814 wounded, and 33 missing.

After the Big Three conference at Yalta in February, 1945, Anders reported that he could not "in conscience demand at present any sacrifice of the soldiers' blood." But this was at best a gesture, since the II Polish Corps could not be withdrawn from the Italian front without seriously compromising the Allied situation.

The last offensive in Italy began on 9 April, a beautiful cloudless day. Anders was standing with Gen Mark Clark when an American bomber released its bombs over the Polish assembly area. Although losses were heavy, the attack was not delayed. In this last operation, the Poles had the honor of taking Bologna, their leading battalion having to pass through an American artillery barrage in order to do so. (Gen Anders patiently reports that "The Americans ceased fire the moment their mistake was pointed out to them on the telephone . . .")

At the end of 1945, the II Polish Corps was 112,000 strong (that remarkably effective replacement system) and Anders overheard an American officer pronounce what well might have been its valedictory: "Look at those splendid troops, but where are they going to fight now?"

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Only a handful were willing to be repatriated to a Russian-dominated Poland. A proposal to Parliament to use them as Occupation Forces was turned down. (As was a similar proposal in Congress.) The final half-solution was the British Government's formation of a "Polish Resettlements Corps."

Historical Novel . . .

MORNING TIME—Charles O'Neill. 392 pages. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$2.95

Here is an historical novel that looms high in the continuing flood of stories of early America. Morning Time tells of Theron Hawley, a Revolutionary veteran returning to his native Connecticut in 1783. In the next five years Hawley moves south to Philadelphia, then west through the Wyoming Valley to Kentucky and down the Mississippi to Natchez. He is trying to establish himself in the new nation the war had created and his personal problems intermingle with the troubles of the 13 states.

Strife between the former colonies had reached armed conflict between Connecticut and Pennsylvania and between Yorkers and Vermonters. The federal government lacked power—the army was going down to 80 men on guard at two posts. It lacked money—Congressmen had to chip in to pay the expenses of Washington's courier announcing the Yorktown victory. And on the Kentucky frontier James Wilkinson was plotting with Spain while awaiting the collapse of the American dream. A wartime brigadier general before he was 21, Wilkinson was to be commanding general of the American army for 17 years and all the while taking Spanish gold.

Other historical figures, notably George Rogers Clark, are in this story, not as background shadows but as motivated characters. Action is plentiful along frontier trails, on a Mississippi flatboat, and in the taverns and convention halls of Richmond. Realistic romance centers on the alluring figures of Althea Knowles of Fredericksburg and Nora Quaid, the Irish bound-girl.

Charles O'Neill has brought the people—real and imaginary—to vivid life and has caught the feel of every-day events and living. His book makes the frontier understandable, as did A. B. Guthrie's The Big Sky, and it has the driving action, pursuits, and fights found in Neil Swanson's The Unconquered. But Morning Time has a meaning beyond its rousing story. As Carl Van Doren, an expert on this historical period, writes in a tribute to the book: "Without ever pressing the point too closely, Charles O'Neill silently reminds his readers that those five years were more like than unlike the years since the end of the recent war: years during which Americans have been learning how to think and feel internationally, not nationally, as their ancestors once learned how to think and feel nationally, not sectionally."

It is encouraging to learn from what hopeless confusion this nation did evolve.

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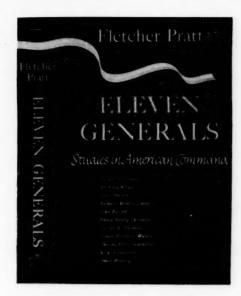
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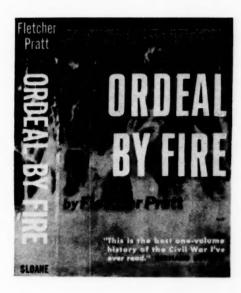
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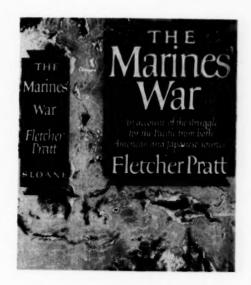
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The

First

Colonels

began its etymological descent into our language of 1505 when King Ferdinand of Spain prepared a list of 20 "superior officers" whom he considered to be the finest military minds in his army. These men he placed in command of several companies of infantry, the companies to be organized into a new and somewhat experimental unit called, in French, the regiment. The regiment was made up of pikemen, arquebusiers, and sword-and-buckler soldiers, and the officer in command took the new title of colonele. This the French and English shortened to "colonel" by the middle of the Sixteenth Century.

Originally, the proper title was cabo de colunela or "head of the column" but the corruption to coronel appeared in print as early as 1508.² The "colonel had a company of his own in this somewhat loosely organized regiment, but having no leisure to attend to its specific problems, he turned it over to a captain who later came to be called the

"colonel's lieutenant", hence "lieutenant colonel."

Another company of the regiment was commanded by the sergeanto-mayor (sergeant-major), later "major", whose primary mission in combat was that of maintaining order among the ranks and files of the foot soldiers as they advanced in the "push of the pike" against the enemy.

Of the 20 original colonels created by Ferdinand of Aragon in 1505, five were killed at the Battle of Ravenna in 1512, each standing at the head of his colonelcy. More interesting, perhaps, is the fact that of the total number of colonels on the field at Ravenna, 12 in all, only one survived, and he died later of his wounds-11 were killed in action on the spot. Since 9000 Spanish foot soldiers took part in the battle on that occasion, the regiment of 1512 A. D. must have counted roughly 1000 men. Sir Charles Oman, the dean of British military historians, points out that this colonelcy was probably composed of four companies of 250 men each, but the old records show that all the companies were somewhat understrength on the gloomy day of conflict.

The Battle of Ravenna should be remembered, then, not only because the Spanish old corps of horse and foot was virtually annihilated in a conflict of high tactical interest, but because it was here that the first colonels received their baptism of fire.

¹The word "regiment" first appeared in English in a document of 1544 describing the organization of the army of invasion Henry VIII had launched into France in that year. The name "regiment" at that time had no technical meaning, and was an administrative term for the old traditional medieval divisions of the army, the "vaward", "main-battle", and the "rereward."

²See Sir Charles Oman, The History of the Art of War In the Sixteenth Century, page 57, also the Comte de Clonard, History of the Spanish Army, for documented histories on this title of rank.

³J. W. Fortescue, A History of the British Army.

